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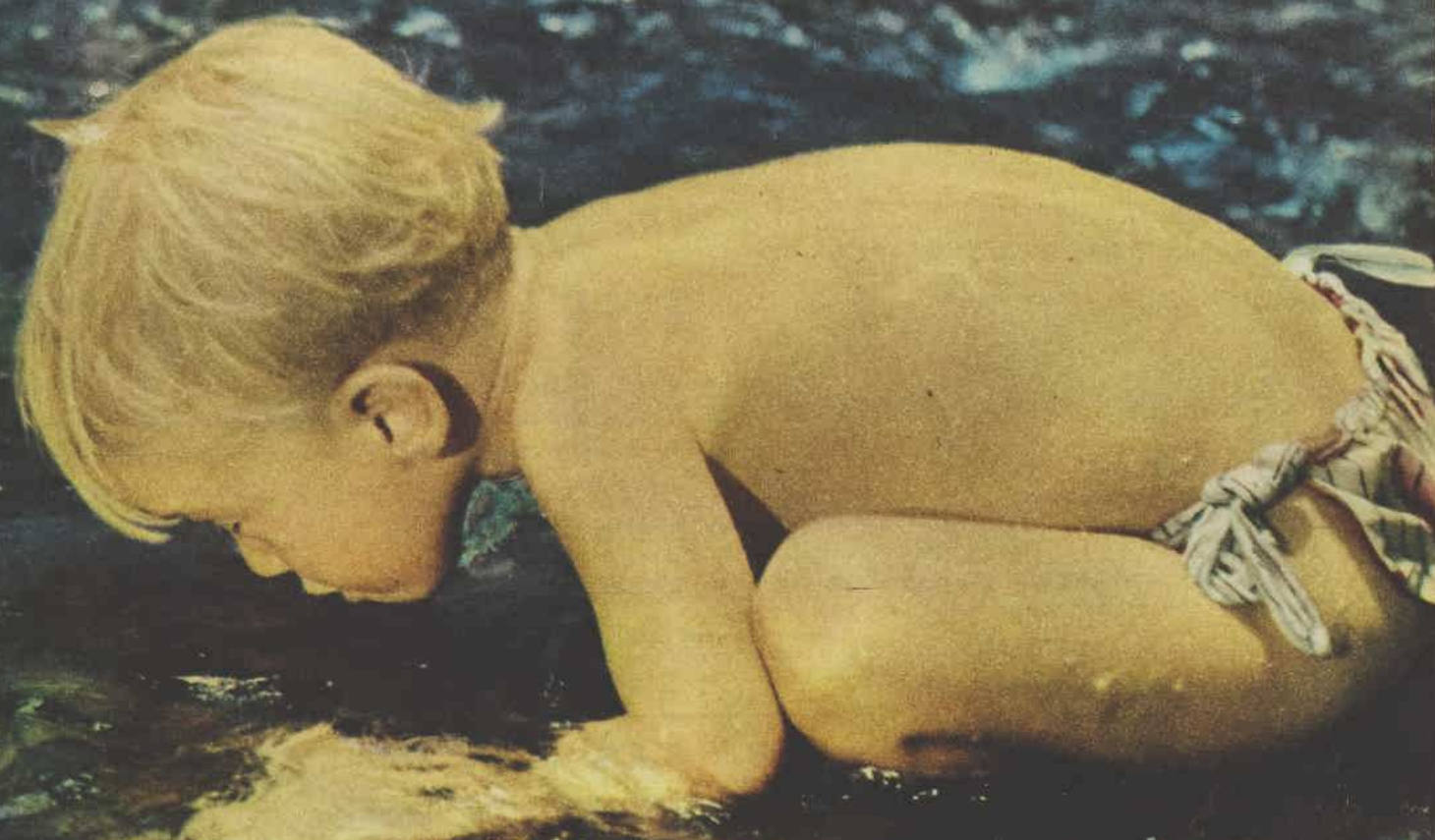
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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The kooliman with the nasturtiums arrangement (page 9) was bought from an aboriginal at Alice Springs by Mrs. Godfrey Cotton, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Cotton, who has been on the Directing Staff of the Australian Staff College, Queenscliff, Vic.

THE kooliman is about 14in. long, made of mulga wood, still in its natural state with the rough bark.

While most world travellers collect silver spoons, bracelet charms, or colorful scarves,

Mrs. Cotton buys a flower container or accessory for flower-arranging in every country she visits.

Another Australian container which Mrs. Cotton likes to use for flowers is a cowrie shell which she got from the Barrier Reef.

OUR recipes have wide appeal, as a letter from a reader, Madame Jacques Russet, of Vila, New Hebrides, proves. She writes:

"I am a very keen cook, do mostly French cooking, but think the Australians are really the best at making and inventing cakes and desserts, and I have tasted all sorts of cooking.

"Here we are a mixed population of French, English, New Hebridean, Indo-Chinese, Chinese, Tahitian, Wallisian, Fijian.

"I get lots of hints from your cooking section. I try most of them and often wonder just where you get so many to be able to supply every week different recipes."

MORE evidence that the paper travels far is given by letters to our Hobart Home Planning Centre.

Mr. W. de Jong, of Vlaardingen, Holland, writes: "We have read your address in Women's Weekly of May, 1961, and we are very much interested in the house plan No. 942.

"We have planned to migrate to Australia, but first we must have a house to live in. We want to have our house in or close to Hobart."

And Mr. D. J. Henderson, of Lahad Datu, North Borneo, also intending to migrate to Australia, writes:

"Please send complete details of the services you offer and also please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes.

"I would very much appreciate any other advice you can give me about building a house in Tasmania, as I am hoping to settle there in 1962. . . . I want to build a

Our cover

● Cool summer scene—a little boy scooping water from the Upper Hunter River at Scone, N.S.W.—caught by photographer Ernie McQuillan, of Bondi, N.S.W.

secluded house, on a site as far as possible outside a town while still being on the lighting and water mains."

★ ★ ★
ENGLISH-BORN author Alec Rackow (who lives in America) likes to get a touch of Britain into the short stories he writes, although they usually have an American setting.

In his latest, "Crossroads" (page 23), the male character is an Englishman, Hugh Warrenton, a novelist who wears Savile Row suits. He visits New York on business, where he has a romantic interlude.

★ ★ ★
SUGGESTIBILITY plays an important role in the ability to work, stand, or play longer and harder before you get tired (see story pages 4 and 5).

A test demonstrating this was carried out at the University of Cincinnati by psychologist Dr. Arthur G. Bills. He blindfolded a frail college girl and a brawny football player, and asked them to stand as long as possible with their arms outstretched horizontally.

Before the experiment he assured the girl that she would find the task easy. The opposite impression was conveyed to the football player. After a few minutes the girl was a little bit tired. The husky footballer was exhausted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 10, 1962

Festival of brides

A PARADE of "Brides of the World" in authentic national costumes from 22 countries was held recently in the Adelaide Town Hall. The colorful parade, which took six months to organise, was sponsored by the Committees of Wanslea and the National Council of Women.

Pictures by Vic Grimmert, Adelaide.



NORTH YUGOSLAVIA. The bride, Miss Susan Taylor (second from right), her two bridesmaids, Miss Penelope Goode and Miss Rosemary Michel, and her flower girl, Miss Juliette Figwer, are all in 18th-century costumes from Slovenia, brought to Australia by Mrs. F. J. Figwer. The bride's linen veil is embroidered with the traditional pattern.



GREECE. In the bridal group are, from left, Theo Kapaniris, the bridegroom Elias Gialamas, the bride Jasmine Constantine, Rosemary Galatis, and, in front, Denise Galatis and Nicholas Galatis. The men are traditionally dressed in the old Greek guards uniform.

SCOTLAND. Junior maids, Elenore and Annette Harmeister, are in Dress Stewart tartans. The bride, Helen Hinze, has a posy of thistles and heather tied with tartan. Groom, Robyn Nicholls, is in Dress Hamilton; best man, Graeme Leslie, in Dress Leslie.

SPAIN. Old and new bridal styles are shown side by side. Miss Marina Tamayo Guerrero wears a 17th-century Valencian bridal gown. Miss Sandra Powers wears the 20th-century classical bridal gown of Granada.



NEXT WEEK:

64-PAGE LIFT-OUT BOOK

1962 TRAVEL GUIDE to Australia and the Pacific

● All the States of Australia, New Zealand, Pacific Islands, and exotic places of the Far East are included in this handy 64-page lift-out travel guide — it gives the Pacific travel story in a nutshell.

● How to get there ● Immigration formalities ● Type of accommodation available with average tariffs ● Exchange rates ● Entertainment and sports available ● Resorts to visit and suggested tours ● Outstanding events of 1962 ● Climate to expect and clothes to wear ● Shopping available ● Maps and brief history.

The booklet tells you ALL you want to know for any trip plus:

● For motorists — Guide to condition of roads in Australia.

Also in next week's issue—

● Fashion —

Clothes of the two women who dominate world fashion—Coco Chanel and Jackie Kennedy.

● Hairstyles —

New trends for 1962 — a less bouffant look, sweeping soft waves, off-the-brow styles — in color.

● How to buy children's clothes —

Choosing quality, right sizes, checking seams — getting the best for your money.

Other color features:

● Latest pictures of the Sara Quads.

● "Como," one of Melbourne's early mansions — four pages of this beautiful home which is now open to the public.

● Cookery —

Planning a Picnic: Recipes and ideas for the kind of food that makes a picnic a day to remember.

Celebration Cake: Iced with the word "Congratulations."

TIRED? ... Or

● When you say "I'm tired" you frequently mean "I'm tired of it." This article deals with the common problem of emotional fatigue, which is often mistaken for physical tiredness, and tells how to overcome it.

SCIENTISTS have confirmed that when you say you're "sick and tired" of something or somebody you aren't merely using a figure of speech.

"Both sickness and fatigue represent an attempt to escape from a situation that has become too difficult to contend with," say Dr. S. Bartley and Eloise Chute, authors of "Fatigue and Impairment."

The "I'm too tired" of chronic fatigue is emotionally equivalent to the "I'm too sick" of psychogenic heart trouble, skin disease, gastric upset, or what-ails-you.

"Why some people emphasise chronic fatigue, some anxiety, and others so-called physical diseases is still unknown," says Dr. Bartley.

He told of a case where all three developed in succession.

This was a young man who bitterly resented his mother-in-law, but felt powerless to assert himself. Soon after she moved into his home he developed tired spells, began sleeping till noon, lost his job, took to drink, and developed tuberculosis.

A new man

A couple of years later when his mother-in-law died suddenly he immediately quit drink and recovered his health, his ambition, and his job.

This kind of tiredness, usually called "chronic fatigue," is always unpleasant, doesn't come from exertion, and doesn't respond to rest.

It isn't continuous in its milder forms, but comes and goes in spells of unpredictable intensity and duration.

Despite a strong desire to lie down, you sleep badly and usually feel worse in the morning than at bedtime. Besides feeling listless, with no pep or ambition, there's an uncomfortable awareness of the weight of the body, and often headache or backache.

If the spell lasts a long time you procrastinate, find it hard to concentrate or remember names, take offence easily, blow up at subordinates, search restlessly for new amusements, tire of them quickly, smoke or drink excessively, and go to great lengths to avoid responsibility and making decisions.

You may never have all these symptoms at once and seldom have any of them severely enough to make you helpless.

But you can't go through life without experiencing

chronic fatigue in some degree, and the conditions of modern life make us all increasingly susceptible.

"Machines now do most of the work that used to make our grandparents feel like going to bed early and getting a good night's sleep," says Dr. Will H. Forbes, Harvard Medical School physiologist.

"When your work uses your muscles, the impulse to rest is overwhelming and you don't carry your fatigue over to the next day.

"But your body isn't equipped to compensate for the kind of nervous exhaustion that comes from working under pressure at a desk.

"Instead of making you sleepy, this kind of fatigue makes you feel like staying up and looking for the same kind of nervous excitement that first brought it on.

"The result is you carry it over day after day."

Along with nervousness, chronic fatigue is the chief complaint of most men and women who feel ill enough to consult doctors.

Most people like to blame their tired feeling on vitamin or iron deficiency, constipation, glandular malfunction, or low blood pressure. But only in exceptional cases can doctors blame it on a specific physical ailment.

On the other hand, whatever it is that produces chronic fatigue also seems to produce most of the so-called psychosomatic diseases.

"Both have a direct relation to the patient's way of living, his family, his problems, his anxieties, the pressures under which his life is spent," says Dr. Arlie V. Bock, director of Harvard's School of Hygiene.

In Harvard College, for instance, Dr. Bock notes that the rate of illness is highest for freshmen, whose problems of adjustment often lead to worry and frustration.

After-effects

The tired feeling of which these young men complain more frequently than upper-classmen seems to be associated with the development of other symptoms like colds, headaches, digestive upsets, and even appendicitis.

"Fatigue may have no other expression than inability of the person to carry on the day's work," says Dr. Bock.

"Or it may crystallise in such states as hyperthyroidism, duodenal ulcer, ulcerative colitis, chronic indigestion, dermatitis, so-called sinusitis, backache, repeated respiratory infections, rheumatoid arthritis, simulation of bowel ob-

struction, and frequent and varied cardiac disorders.

"I doubt if we can eliminate fatigue as an important cause in premature coronary arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries)."

In treating diseases associated with chronic fatigue, Dr. Bock suggests that physicians should restrain their impulse to hand out prescriptions and should try a little harder to understand the underlying causes in the patient's personality.

To those who doubt that emotional factors can cause disease symptoms, he asks:

"How is it that a man who has been vomiting for three weeks, can, on being sent off fishing, eat baked beans and bacon the morning after his arrival in camp?"

Obviously the fatigue reaction is no way to handle a difficult situation. Tiredness only makes things worse.

The motive

Yet psychiatrists believe there is a motive behind even the most illogical behaviour if only one can probe deeply enough to find it.

Once the hidden motive is brought to light, the person can subject it to reason and free himself of the need to obey it.

What is the hidden motive behind chronic fatigue?

Two prominent U.S. psychiatrists, Drs. Harley C. Shands and Jacob E. Finesinger, recently took detailed life histories of 100 men and women complaining of chronic tiredness. When the case histories were analysed, some interesting clues emerged.

The great majority of these people felt the symptoms after an important change in status, such as marriage, childbirth, the loss of an important member of the family, or a major alteration in occupation.

Another clue was that "fatigue invariably occurred when the person felt rejected, angry, frightened, or enraged in circumstances which prevented any expression of these feelings."

One woman who lived in difficult circumstances with a tyrannical and talkative invalid mother often had to suppress a strong desire to shout, "Shut up!"

When her tension became almost unbearable she would be overcome by a feeling of lassitude and go back to bed for the rest of the day.

Another patient who had plenty of energy for work felt completely exhausted when he came home at night and saw his wife.

do you only **THINK** you are?

By
**John Kord
Lagemann**

It developed that his immediate idea on seeing her was a murderous one, blocked and replaced at once by the feeling of tiredness.

It became apparent that the fatigue of which the subjects complained wasn't just a lack of desire to act—but a positive desire not to act in a certain way.

In every case the person seemed to be using fatigue as a kind of roadblock to prevent himself from expressing forbidden feelings in words or acts.

Human beings, Drs. Shands and Finesinger point out, are highly social creatures—so much so that your picture of yourself as a member of the group is more important to you than the way you stack up as an individual.

In growing up, you form an ideal picture of yourself in relation to your fellows which pretty much determines the way you feel and act.

But every now and then your self-esteem is threatened by an impulse to act in a way that's out of character with your ideal self.

Fatigue resolves this unconscious conflict by rendering you too tired and weak to act on the forbidden impulse.

Since many impulses we suppress as out of keeping with our ideal selves are sexual in nature, you might expect guilt feelings about sex to make people tired—and this is the case.

Doctors and marriage counsellors say one of the most common complaints of husbands and wives who fail to find sexual satisfaction is that one or the other is "too tired."

The blocking of sex impulses as out of keeping with the ideal self may also explain, in part, the lassitude and inability to concentrate which can occur to everyone at all seasons but is associated with spring and warm weather.

It may also be a factor in the spells of moody, drowsy, vacuous behaviour which suddenly descend on teenage youth.

Even danger has a lethargic effect on people when they cannot admit they are afraid.

If you've ever been on a plane that has hit an unexpected storm you may have noticed the epidemic of yawning among the passengers. When the danger is past, the lethargy suddenly gives way to great animation.

Like any other psychoneurotic symptom, chronic fatigue is an attempt to solve a problem by pretending it doesn't exist.

Often this kind of fatigue can be dispelled merely by dredging up the problem to the surface of consciousness, talking about it rationally, and trying to find a realistic solution.



In many cases, all this involves is admitting mixed feelings about persons for whom one is supposed to feel only the purest sentiments.

One well-known psychoanalyst in private practice told me of a business executive who was overcome by lethargy on alternate Thursdays. These were the days on which he met a company board headed by a man ostensibly a close friend but who in reality represented a bitter personal defeat for the patient.

Once when the chairman became ill, the executive, who

our energy. A lot of extra zip goes to waste inside us which might be tapped if a way were found to delay or avoid fatigue.

Fatigue that results from exertion can be postponed but never avoided. The purely psychological fatigue which causes most trouble is curable, but only by tracing its origins in the victim's personality and way of life.

In the Brain Wave Laboratory of the Massachusetts General Hospital, the director, Dr. Robert S. Schwab, a Harvard assistant clinical professor of neurology, has been

important safety device. As your muscles burn fuel they dump waste products into the blood in the form of lactic acid and carbon dioxide. These chemicals signal the brain cells to call quits before your body can run long enough to exhaust any part of it.

Complete exhaustion would be a real danger, since a muscle which has run out of fuel requires ten to 15 minutes to recover.

(Dr. Schwab points out: "You just can't afford to wait that long for an exhausted breathing or heart muscle to start working again.")

packages, and sprint anywhere from 60 to 70 yards down the platform."

At the Brain Wave Laboratory, Dr. Schwab often asks visitors to see how long they can hang by their hands from a horizontal bar over his office door.

When the request is put in an ordinary way, healthy adults hang for an average of a minute. If Dr. Schwab exhorts them to do their best, they usually hang on an extra half-minute. The offer of a five-dollar bill to beat their own previous records usually adds still another half-minute.

"Nobody knows how much longer they'd hang on if I offered them 100 or 1000 dollars—or if I pushed a vat of sulphuric acid beneath them," said Dr. Schwab—and pointed to a recent newspaper story which supplied a hint.

It told of a clock repairman who had been working 60ft. above the street.

When the wind blew down his scaffold, he hung on to the minute hand for five minutes until workmen put up a ladder.

Most suggestions that make you feel peppy or tired come from within. By examining your attitudes toward yourself and weeding out some of the negative ones, some doctors suggest that you can greatly increase your capacity for enjoying life.

Some attitudes which make you tired are: "I'm too old," "Everybody else does this better than I," "I had a bad break as a kid," "The harder I try, the worse I do."

Probably the least effective

way of fighting off fatigue is the use of artificial stimulants.

American Air Force researchers have studied all of them to see what is best to keep fighter pilots and bomber crews alert for long hours under conditions of boredom or of stress.

Though effective in banishing the subjective symptoms of fatigue, alcohol is out because it also impairs judgment and control.

Benzdrine alerts the mind for special tasks, but continuous use is injurious.

"For the long haul," Dr. Alfred Lawton, medical director of the Air Force, says, "We've never found anything better than black coffee."

You probably know the "healthy tiredness" that follows a round of golf, a successful business transaction, or an enjoyable party.

Since it always comes as a result of exertion and always disappears with rest, this fatigue is nothing to worry about.

In everyday life the hidden motivation that causes us to resort to chronic fatigue is probably nothing more serious than our reluctance to face the always slightly embarrassing discrepancy between what we pretend to be and what we are.

For this, no better remedy has ever been devised than a sense of humor—which is, after all, only the ability to accept our good qualities and shortcomings with equal grace.

Next time you're tired, remember: If it's physical fatigue, you can sleep it off; if it's chronic fatigue, try laughing it off.

Try laughing it off

was next in line for the position, had secretly hoped he would never get well. The fortnightly fatigue was his way of ducking such guilty thoughts.

The same problem is common in marriages where the partners feel constrained to acknowledge only the sunny side of their relationship.

Many marriage counsellors say that a husband and wife who learn to admit to one another "Sometimes I love you and sometimes I hate you" are much less likely to get sick and tired of each other.

This chronic fatigue is only the most distant relative of the kind of tiredness grandfather used to feel after he had followed a walking-plough all day. But even in that kind of fatigue science has learned that we get tired long before we have used even most of

carrying on fatigue research since 1937.

One basic fact which has emerged from his measurements of fatigue in brain cells, nerves, and muscles is that the brain says "I can't" long before the muscles lose their power to go on working.

Dr. Schwab can demonstrate this simply.

With one of your fingers harnessed to a small pulley arrangement, you lift a weight up and down until you can no longer budge it. Then artificial stimulation from a couple of electrodes brings your inert finger to life again and you go on weight-lifting longer than before.

Your finger still had lots of energy left, even after the brain cells controlling its movements called a halt.

The fact that your brain cells tire first is clearly an

But nature's margin of error is extravagantly wide. You could safely exert your muscles much more than you are likely to do in the ordinary course of events.

The point at which your brain, acting through nerves and muscles, says "I can't" varies with what Dr. Schwab calls your "motivation level."

He has made some observations at Boston's North Station, where, for the past three years, he has worked out the distances a traveller will run to catch a train when there are only three to get him home in time to dinner.

"Missing the last train," explains Dr. Schwab, "means a five-dollar to ten-dollar taxi ride or the need to spend the night in the city."

"As a result of this increased motivation, subjects throw dignity to the winds, drop

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FEMININE NAPKINS — CHOICE OF DISCRIMINATING WOMEN

VANESSA, THE REDGRAVE REBEL

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● She has been acting only since 1957, yet she has been likened to Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Sybil Thorndike. She is 5ft. 10½in. tall, yet she has had the plum roles of London's and Stratford's past two seasons. Her father is a famous actor and her mother a well-known actress, yet she has made her own name.

AND this is only one side of Vanessa Redgrave, for there are two stages on which her life is played.

The second, less glamorous one is by far the most demanding on her conscience and the nearest to her heart. She would gladly give up her brilliant acting career tomorrow if it would help the cause to which she is passionately devoted.

For this 24-year-old daughter of Sir Michael Redgrave and Lady Redgrave (Rachel Kempson) is one of the leading lights of the Committee of 100, the very active organisation which, led by Earl Russell, urges Britain to abandon her nuclear weapons.

Its members have pledged themselves to a programme of civil disobedience which has brought charges upon them ranging from highway obstruction, when they sit on damp pavements in Trafalgar Square, to contravening the Official Secrets Act, when they plan demonstrations against H-bomb air bases.

For her part in this, Vanessa has been arrested and fined twice, questioned by police in her home, and, incidentally, so publicised that to catch up on her activities meant no less than a day's reading of recent newspaper cuttings.

To see her I had to make an appointment to go to her dressing-room at the London home of the Royal Shakespeare Company, at the Aldwych Theatre, where she was starring in "The Taming of the Shrew."

"I'm afraid I can't do it for about a week," came her quiet, lilting voice on the telephone, in as unflinching a

tone as I had ever heard. "You see I am rather 'biz'."

It was an understatement. During the week while I waited to see her the Committee of 100 was planning its most comprehensive show of civil disobedience.

They were to march on no fewer than five big strategic airfields and points throughout England on the day following our appointment. Meanwhile, their leaders were being arrested.

"This is it!"

On the day I arrived at the theatre the police had pounced in force and Miss Redgrave, notoriously punctual, did not arrive. I spent 20 minutes speculating about her with the stage door-man.

He was loyally up in arms for her. "They say it's a free country. These kids have the greatest courage I know."

I didn't point out to him that one of the leading "kids" was 89-year-old Bertrand Russell — his point was equally valid.

By the time Miss Redgrave arrived, at the double, apologising, we knew that those arrested had been put on the most serious charges to date. Her face reflected the gravity of the situation.

"I was going to ask you what you would do if the moment ever came to choose between your career and the cause," I began.

"This is it," said Vanessa, ranging around her dressing-room like a caged lion.

"I have been at the committee's headquarters all the afternoon."

"I feel I must go tomorrow. They need everyone they can muster now. Yet tomorrow I have the last two performances of the 'Shrew' and, as you know, I am one of the few members of this company on a long-term contract."

"I've been brought up in the tradition of 'never miss a performance' and the theatre always comes first. My mother and father, who are all for nuclear disarmament, would be horrified if they thought I was even considering not going on tomorrow."

"It's so hard to explain my convictions, because they are so recent. Until this year I was quite the opposite in my ideas."

"At the time of the Hungarian revolution, I was so militant that I went to work



for the students who wanted to go to Hungary to fight the Russians.

"I did everything, from running messages to tracing maps for them. Heaven help anyone who had to use my maps!"

The serious face softened into mirth and Miss Redgrave laughed at her younger enthusiasms. "Oh, I was horrified when pacifists told me nothing was worth a war. I argued tooth and nail."

"I can't even say now what made me change. It was many things. Of course, I read books on Hiroshima and was appalled like everyone else. But that didn't do it alone."

"Then, when I was acting in Robert Bolt's play 'The Tiger and the Horse' as a young nuclear disarmament, I had a line to say which kept sticking in my mind long after I left the theatre every night."

"It was: 'We must do what we can now and not worry about what we can't do.'"

"Slowly it dawned on me that every single person had a duty to fight the horror of the bomb."

Remembering that first step, Vanessa, like the true actress she is, was right back there reliving it. She lit a cigarette with faintly trembling hands.

"When you make up your mind to commit civil disobedience it's not easy if you were brought up in a law-abiding family. I was quite nervous."

"Fortunately, by then I was acting in 'The Lady From the Sea,' and John Neville, who has very much the same ideas as I have, was in the company. We had been asked to sit on the pavements in Whitehall to demonstrate against the recent nuclear tests."

Quickly fined

"I said, 'Are you going?' and John said, 'Yes, are you?' and we went together."

"We were terribly lucky, too. We were arrested soon after we sat down, hurried into the Black Maria, charged within an hour, and able to get back to the theatre in time for our five o'clock matinee."

"It was incredibly quick. Goodness knows what would have happened to us if we hadn't turned up. A stage contract only allows you to be

● Vanessa Redgrave has been twice arrested in "sit-downs" against Britain's nuclear policy. At right, bobbies carry her off Trafalgar Square. Earl Russell (below) was gaoled for a week.



off if you are kept away by an act of God or illness."

This brought her back to her quandary. "Oh, what shall I do about tomorrow?"

Vanessa, faced with the moment of truth she had dreaded, began to think aloud. "I've always known I'd have to decide one way or the other. You see, it all boils down to this:

"I have many times when I say, 'I'm damned if I'm going to let fear of the bomb stop me from doing the one bit of creative work of which I'm capable—acting.' Then I realise that if I don't express my willingness to give up everything to fight the bomb I'll be a different person and therefore not so able to act."

"I'm told I have responsibilities to the audiences."

"But I go to speak to dockers who have families and many of whom are unemployed and beg them to march with us. I lobby at the House of Commons. I make propaganda films and pirate broadcasts in the hope of persuading

She has been facing a conflict of conscience



nanny who brought her up. "Nanny can never understand what makes me want to go and get arrested," she said.

I left, wondering what Vanessa would decide to do.

The next day the Royal Stratford Company held her to her contract. Still rebelling, she once more discussed it with fellow members of the Committee of 100.

The decision

They convinced her she would be of less use to them as an out-of-work actress.

When we talked again Vanessa had just got through the unhappiest 48 hours of her life yet managed to give two brilliant performances.

"In between scenes I kept rushing back to my dressing-room, where my dresser had stuck by the wireless to get full reports of the progress of the demonstrations," she said. "It helped, but oh, how I longed to be there!"

Now Vanessa Redgrave has a clear plan.

She will carry out her contract to the letter. This year she will repeat her performance of Rosalind in "As You Like It," which brought every critic in England to his feet, and she will fulfil her great ambition to play Imogen in "Cymbeline" at Stratford and star in "The Seagull" under Tony Richardson's direction at the Royal Court.

"But as soon as I have kept all my commitments," she said, "I have resolved to take time off to do nothing but work for the Committee of 100 for perhaps six months perhaps more. If I am good enough in these new productions, I should have done enough by then to make my name well known without being on stage all the time."

"Then I can really do what I want to."



● Sir Michael Redgrave, whose elder daughter has become as famous as himself.


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ST161/61

Army wife says:

Australian gardens are "Paradise"



● A British Army wife who has lived in India, Egypt, Germany, Malaya, Gibraltar, has seen flower festivals on the French Riviera and Tulip Time in Holland, says that Australia is a garden paradise for flower arrangements.

MRS. GODFREY COTTON, whose husband, Lieut. - Colonel G. J. S. Cotton, has been on the Directing Staff of the Australian Staff College at Queenscliff, Victoria, for the past two years, buys a container or accessory for flower-arranging in every country she visits.

Leaving Australia for England this month, she is taking Barrier Reef shells, ghost-gum bark, driftwood, an aboriginal mulga-wood basket, and giant thistles.

The daughter of a British Army officer, Mrs. Cotton was born in Poona, India, and has spent her life moving all over the world.

"Nowhere have I seen such a profusion of flowers and shrubs—both natural and wild—as here," she said. "They are breathtaking."

All in bloom

"I spent my first month just gazing over fences at the flowers."

"Never before had I seen daffodils, roses, sweet peas, and carnations in bloom at the same time. I couldn't believe my eyes."

"And I had never seen cinerarias growing in a garden. In Europe they grow only in pots or under glass."

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"Apart from the flowers and shrubs, I am just as entranced by accessories—bark from gumtrees, pebbles from the beach, and driftwood."

"I am taking masses of driftwood back to England as presents for friends. In our dead season for flowers, driftwood will give interest and line to arrangements of dried leaves, our standby in winter."

"Australian women don't know how lucky they are to have such variety and color in flowers all the year round."

"I am surprised they do not make more imaginative use of all this profusion."

"But perhaps because of that profusion they stick to the more conventional arrangements of mixed spring flowers or a bowl of roses."

If Mrs. Cotton is short of flowers she uses vegetables and weeds. Her house always has at least half a dozen superb and colorful arrangements.

In the British Army, married quarters are provided and furnished by the Government and they are all exactly the same. Mrs. Cotton finds that flower arrangements, more than anything else, can give a room a different personality.

"Apart from holding flowers, many of my containers can be used as ornaments," she said. "When we move to a new posting I always pack crates of flower containers and accessories."

One of these accessories, a mahogany Georgian flower-stand which Mrs. Cotton found in a junk shop, nearly didn't get to Australia.

"We tried it in every Army trunk and packing case," she said, "but it was just too long. I hated to leave it behind, so we cut it in halves and rawl-plugged it together with a screw when we arrived."

● *Nasturtiums held by a pin-holder and glass bowl in a mulga-wood kooliman bought at Alice Springs.*



● A classic vase for a classic arrangement, says Mrs. Cotton, so she uses a Grecian urn (left) for a fan of scarlet gladioli and carnations. To prevent a top-heavy look, she puts deeper colors, fuller blooms at the lip; lighter shades, buds at the top.



● Mrs. Cotton sprays hair lacquer on the year-old giant thistles in a bowl of dried grasses and weeds which she collected along the road from Melbourne. "Lacquer stops them falling," she said. The arrangement has one hydrangea bloom.

By ANNE LOVERIDGE

camel-hair rug to wrap it in to protect it from breakages."

Each vase in her collection has a history. Some come from antique and junk shops in England, some from native bazaars in Africa and Asia, others from European arcades.

"The one with the most topical interest is this," said Mrs. Cotton, pointing to a boat-shaped vase of superb cut-glass.

She bought it in East Berlin in 1954 when the Cottons were stationed in the British sector of the city.

"Then we were allowed to travel freely between East and West Berlin."

"However, we were not served in the East Berlin Government shops with their tantalising displays of Dresden china and cut-glass. But in the small privately owned shops we were served if we were careful not to speak English."

Others in her collection include a tiny Delft china basket from Holland, a Chinese bamboo hanging trough from Malaya, a silver Grecian urn from a junk shop in England.

Mrs. Cotton is often asked to give illustrated talks on flower arranging.

She believes that many women have trouble with flowers because they fill a vase with water and then try to make the flowers sit in place.

"Always make sure of a firm base in which to put each flower, either using chicken-

wire or pin-holders. If using a pin-holder, cement it firmly to the vase with plasticine."

"Half the battle is to place a flower where one wants it and know it will hold there."

"Do not arrange flowers in a hurry or on a crowded kitchen bench. Wait until the children are in bed or you have a quiet half-hour."

"Have space to put out suitable containers, flowers, scissors, pin-holders, wire, plasticine, and plenty of newspaper for discards and stripped leaves."

Useful hints

● When using mixed colors, do not put them in a vase like hundreds and thousands on bread-and-butter, but keep two or three of the same color together. This gives a more graceful and restful effect.

● Line is all-important. Follow the natural line of a stem. Give an appearance of all flowers rising from one central point. Never criss-cross stems.

● When using an unusual container like a gravy boat or a teapot, follow the line of the container with the flowers.

● Don't be afraid to experiment. Try an arrangement of oddments, such as red beet-root leaves, artichoke leaves, and parsley gone to seed.

● Look at your garden with a stranger's eye and pick unusual leaves or even weeds.

By the sound of the stars, it is mapping the universe

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD,
staff reporter

● Scientifically, the new C.S.I.R.O. radio telescope at Parkes, in central-western New South Wales, is the best in the world. And it has beauty as well as brains — aesthetically, it's a knock-out.

LIKE a gleaming futuristic flower, it stands in the green plains of the Goobang Valley, 12 dusty road miles from the town.

Its "stalk" is a four-storey tower of palest mushroom-pink broken by windows framed in white, doors and ladders of bright red, and balconies of silver.

The dish on top, facing up to the heavens, looks solid from a distance, but if you're standing underneath its 210ft. span (it's as big as a football field) you can see right through it to the sky. For it's made of fine steel gauze.

"Just like a silver dish awaiting a dollop of ice-cream," said an English tourist.

Not ice-cream. Stars.

Stars, scientists have discovered, emit radio waves as well as light.

The job of the telescope—which isn't for seeing stars, it's for hearing them—is to pick up the radio waves from stars. Then radio-astronomers plot their positions in the universe.

They crackle and hum

So when the stars are shining brightly in the Goobang Valley (or even if they're not), their radio waves hit the dish and bounce back to a receiving aerial at the cabin that's perched at the top of the enormous tripod.

The tripod feeds the star noises—like crackle and humming, they say—down into the tower, and these are eventually translated as a wiggly line on unwinding graph paper.

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BY DAY: The gigantic radio telescope near Parkes is still being tested by the builders, but it has already discovered stars too distant for other telescopes.

Australia's loveliest

Because ordinary man-made radio waves and static interfere with the star noises, the quiet, rural Goobang Valley is ideal for star listening.

But in case a static-producing machine, like a car or a tractor, should come along and disturb the scientists' calculations, local farmers have been instructed to fit suppressors on their machinery, which would cut out static.

And visitors or employees should leave their cars about a quarter of a mile away from the telescope and make the trip noiselessly by bicycle.

However, there were quite a few cars parked in the shade of the big dish when staff photographer Ernie Nutt and I drove up. The telescope at that moment wasn't doing any work, so it didn't matter how much static we made.

Mike Jeffrey, a young Englishman, came to meet us. He showed us the special slots in the concrete in which to park our bikes, had we been riding them.

Mike designed the bike slots. In fact, most of the telescope.

A consultant engineer with the British firm Freeman Fox and Partners (who also made the design for the Sydney Harbor Bridge), Mike has been nursing this £800,000 baby for five years.

The first drawing-board stages took three years in London. The firm then sent him out to supervise the construction, which was done by a German firm.

Imported from West Germany, the steel structures for the big dish were pieced together into sections in the paddocks near the site. A giant derrick from the Persian oil wells hoisted them into position atop the tower.

And the color scheme?
"My wife, Beryl, did that," said Mike. "She used to be an architect before we had our two small boys."

World's most powerful

Inside, the telescope is just as attractive as it looks outside. And, with the temperature at 104deg. in the shade, much cooler.

The tower is fully air-conditioned. It also has a false outer wall to protect it from the fierce summer sun.

"There was a danger," said Mike, "that without the false wall the tower would warp with the heat. A slight list on the construction would have been disastrous for the scientists."

For the telescope to operate successfully, the entire construction had to be within half an inch of drawing-board accuracy.

"We've done better than that," added Mike. "It's within a quarter of an inch of accuracy."

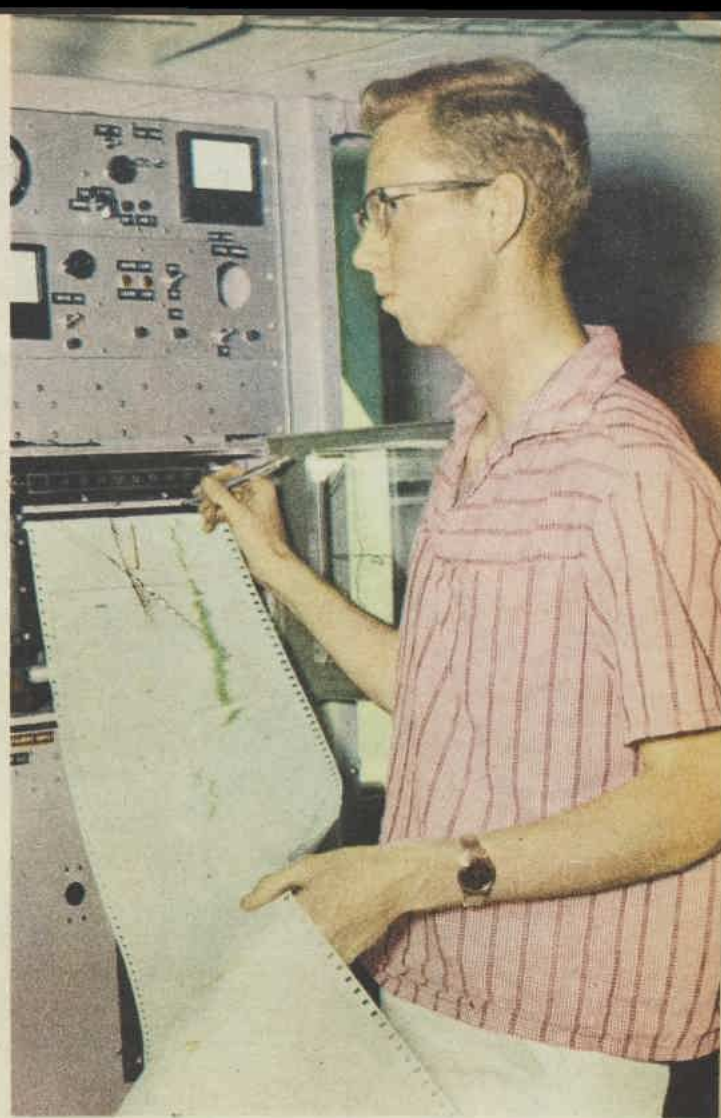
The Parkes telescope is therefore much more accurate and powerful than the world's largest similar telescope at Jodrell Bank, near Manchester, England.

Though it has been officially open only a couple of months and is still under test, astronomical work has already begun.

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BY NIGHT: Floodlighting creates a dramatic effect. The "ear" hears best at night, so it's then that most of its work is being done.



RADIO WAVES emitted by the stars are automatically recorded on this graph in the tower. Checking it is Marcus Price, of Colorado, U.S.A., who is in Australia on an exchange scholarship with the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation. Astronomers from all over the world will come here to make use of the telescope.

dish is busy

Over 30 stars have been discovered, Mike told us, and it's estimated that there are another 25,000—including some juicy bits of the Milky Way—to be detected and mapped. As these stars can only be "observed" in the Southern Hemisphere and as the Parkes telescope is the only one in the Southern Hemisphere capable of observing them, an influx of astronomers is expected from all over the world. Accommodation for them is provided at a newly built hostel about half a mile away from the telescope. But they won't stay long.

The telescope, dipping its dish and rotating on an axis, takes only about half an hour to "cover" the sky. Data is gathered far more quickly than it can be interpreted.

So one night's work at the telescope could keep a radio astronomer busy at his desk for months.

It's tremendously exciting to watch the dish dipping and the stars being discovered.

This happens more often at night. Because, just as the sun's light dims the stars in the day, so are its radio waves more powerful and they drown those of the stars.

Off for a "quick drive"

At night, floodlit, the big dish looks heavenly. Upstairs in the tower a tense group of scientists crowd round the signal detector, watching the mechanical pointer drawing its graph.

Voices through loudspeakers talk a language that only scientists and technicians would know.

The pointer moves erratically. Someone takes a flashlight photograph of it.

Exciting news?

"It is, if you're an astronomer," says an American voice.

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"That was a double star. No one knew it was there."

Up one more flight of stairs, before a machine of moving figures and flashing screens, sits John Bolton, a Cambridge physics graduate, the C.S.I.R.O. director of the telescope.

"The dish is stationary," he explains. "We're just letting the sky go by."

"We'll have to dip it now," he continues, and calls through a microphone, "You there, Bart? We're going for a quick drive in azimuth."

With a reassuring comfortable hum the metal top storey of the tower begins to rotate.

Outside, on the moving balcony, hordes of grasshoppers hop everywhere. The sky is slowly moving.

There is a new mechanical rumble. The big dish, hitherto pointing up to heaven, begins to roll slowly on its side down to the earth.

In no time everything stops with a jolt. We've been right round the skyline. The dish is resting about eight feet from the ground.

What a dish!

MIKE JEFFREY, the resident construction engineer. The £800,000 for the radio telescope came from the Commonwealth Government (more than half), private subscribers in Australia (£27,000), and the Carnegie Corporation and Rockefeller Foundation in America. When the telescope is mechanically ready to be handed over to the C.S.I.R.O. early next year, Mr. Jeffrey will take his family to Canada and work on the building of another.



Assured she's summer safe
...with

Judith Aden ROLL-ON DEODORANT

THE marriages this week of Susan Macarthur-Onslow and Caroline Rutledge will both be remembered as "weddings of the year." Susan is to wed Lieutenant-Colonel Ian Hayman on January 6, and Caroline is marrying David Parker on January 7.

Susan is the daughter of Mrs. James Macarthur-Onslow, of Potts Point (formerly of "Gibbulla," Muswellbrook), and the late Mr. Macarthur-Onslow.

She's following the tradition of Macarthur-Onslow brides and being married at historic St. Paul's Church, Cobby, with the reception afterwards at "Camden Park," Menangle, the famous property founded by John Macarthur—now the home of her aunt, Lady Stanham, who was Miss Helen Macarthur-Onslow.

It's to be an all-white wedding.

Susan will be attended by her sister Sandra and youthful maids Katie Sharp, Susan Mackay, and Anne Stanham.

The bridegroom, who is the son of Mrs. H. C. Hayman, of Hampton, Victoria, and the late Mr. Hayman, will have his brother Donald as his best man.

Visitors from far afield who'll be among the 150 guests at the wedding include Mrs. Ivan Phillips, from Kuala Lumpur, Suzanne Mills, of Perth, and Lieut.-Colonel Charles Boynton, who is with the British Army in Malaya.

Equally picturesque will be the Sunday wedding of Caroline Rutledge and David Parker, who are having a noon ceremony at St. Philip's Church, Bungendore.

Caroline, who is the daughter of Mrs. T. L. E. Rutledge and the late Colonel Rutledge, will have five little friends and relatives—Amanda Gordon, Harriet Cook, Christopher Stephen, Henry Osborne, and David Fairbairn—in attendance, shepherded by bridesmaids Martha Rutledge and Sophia Stephen.

Afterwards about 250 friends will be entertained by Caroline's mother at an al fresco luncheon in the lovely garden at "Gidleigh," about five miles distant.

TWO days after their marriage at St. Mary's Cathedral on January 13, Robyn Wheeler and Terry Potts will sail in the Southern Cross to make their home in England for several years.

FAIR-HAIRED Jennifer O'Connor and Michael Davis celebrated their engagement at a family supper party given by Jennifer's grandfather, Mr. Aubrey Halloran, at his home at Rose Bay. Jennifer is the daughter of Mr. B. B. O'Connor, of Kilara, and Mrs. M. E. Baker, of Rose Bay. Michael, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Davis, of Vaucluse, has given Jennifer a sapphire-and-diamond ring.

WHEN a group of friends admired the black georgette "blouse" heavily beaded with black and pink roses worn by Miss Zara Clark at a buffet dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lake at Gladswood House, Double Bay, she raised the hem of her black taffeta cocktail skirt a few inches to show a bit more of the "blouse." It was a Charleston dress she bought in London in the 'twenties. In the 'thirties she had it remodelled as a "fishtail" to wear as a tunic over an ankle-swirling skirt. Now it's made another comeback.

PARCELS posted by Barbara Potter before Christmas included a bulky one addressed to herself in Switzerland! It contained her skiing togs. She sent them ahead to limit her luggage to 44lb. when she flies off on January 9 for winter sports in the Swiss and Austrian Alps. After a brief visit to England, she'll return to the Continent and begin an adventurous globetrot with Mrs. Charles McDermott and some other Australian friends. They'll explore islands along the Dalmatian coast, southern Russia, Afghanistan, and through the Khyber Pass to Pakistan and India, travelling by air, ship, jeep, riding ponies, and footslogging. Mrs. McDermott, who is also leaving for Europe next week, says they'll have to walk fourteen to eighteen miles a day to reach the base camp at Anna-Purna, a Himalayan mountain almost as high as Everest. This will be her third safari in the Himalayas.

FRIENDS of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Roussel are delighted they've forsaken France to make their home again in Sydney. While searching for just the right little house (which will be furnished with French provincial furniture from their Paris home), they are staying with Mrs. Roussel's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Rex Money, in Latimer Rd., Bellevue Hill.



UMBRELLA held by the bride's father, Mr. A. E. Cobcroft, protected Mr. and Mrs. Michael Agostini from a cloudburst as they were leaving St. Mary's Cathedral, Armidale. The bride was formerly Miss Pam Cobcroft, of Herbert Park, Armidale, where her parents entertained after the ceremony. The bridegroom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Agostini, of Port of Spain, Trinidad, is a former Olympic and Empire Games sprinter. After honeymooning in Queensland the young couple will make their home in Melbourne.

Judith Aden's new **ROLL-ON** deodorant with miracle G11, the antiperspirant additive... a most essential part of your bath-time luxury... with merely a touch it glides on summer confidence... you stay fresh as the spring dew from one bath to the next.

Make it an after-bath habit... wise girls do!

Judith Aden

FOR LASTING PERSONAL FRESHNESS
Judith Aden's fragrant talcs
silky textured, pleasantly refreshing.

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ABOVE: Famous international Rugby Union star Irish lawyer Mr. Tony O'Reilly and his Sydney fiancée, Miss Susan Cameron, snapped at Battersea Park, London. Miss Cameron, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Cameron, of East Lindfield, and Mr. O'Reilly will wed in Dublin in May.

BELOW: Recently engaged Dr. Ian Butt and his fiancée, Miss Wendy Michaels, lunching at Romanos. Miss Michaels, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Michaels, is doing Arts at Sydney University. Dr. Butt is the son of Mrs. T. S. Butt and the late Mr. Butt.



MAGNOLIA heavy silk trained gown was worn by Mr. Antony Harry's bride, formerly Miss Jann Gregerson, for her wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. They were attended by Mr. Bill Gregerson and Miss Ellen McGregor (couple at left), Miss Deidre Campbell and Mr. Antony Simpson. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Gerald Gregerson, of Adelaide, and the late Dr. Gregerson. Mr. Romilly Harry and Mrs. Norman Burston, of Adelaide, are the bridegroom's parents.



IN CANBERRA. Mr. Harold Chapman and Miss Sandra Sutherland, who recently announced their engagement, pictured with Miss Sutherland's parents, Professor and Mrs. Traill Sutherland, in the garden of their home at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, where Professor Sutherland is director of academic studies. Mr. Chapman, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Chapman, of Darling Point, is a C.S.I.R.O. research officer in Canberra.

AT TOWN HALL. From left, the Lord Mayor, Alderman H. F. Jensen, the Marchioness of Huntly, the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. H. F. Jensen, and the Marquess of Huntly, who gave the Lord Mayor a Challenge Cup for presentation to the best athlete at the Highland Games at the Sydney Showground on New Year's Day. Lord Huntly, who is Premier Marquess of Scotland and the Chief of the Gordon Clan, and his wife came here to attend the gathering.



VISITORS to Brisbane should take a last long look at the tramwaymen's "French Foreign Legion" caps — because they won't see any of them any more after next June.

Fifteen hundred trammies can't be wrong and they have voted them out.

"Too hot" and "They cause too much curiosity from overseas visitors" were two of their comments when they chose a ventilated, ambulance-type black-and-white cap.

Brisbaneites regard the disappearance of the old caps as the passing of a cherished tradition, but they wouldn't wish their tramwaymen to be uncomfortable, so they're keeping a stiff upper lip.

As caps wear out between now and June they will be replaced by the new type.

"Visitors from all over Australia — all over the world — used to buy them and take them home as souvenirs," Alderman W. C. R. Harvey, of the Brisbane City Council, told us.

And, he added, 70 per cent. of the souvenir hunters were women.



TRAMWAYMAN in a Brisbane "Beau Geste" cap. They're "out" now.

LOUSPEAKERS in London Airport's transport lounge boomed: "Will the passenger from the New York flight who left her shoes aboard please collect them from the receptionist."

"Oh, dear me!" cried an elderly American woman as she gaped at her feet.

WORTH REPORTING



Heiress kneads the dough

NORWEGIAN heiress to the Wilhelmsen shipping line fortune, Mrs. John Clare (nee Julie Wilhelmsen), of South Perth (W.A.), bakes bread every morning because "my husband and I prefer it."

With her husband — an English engineer who was closely associated with atomic-bomb tests at Maralinga (S.A.) — Mrs. Clare is sponsoring a £10,000 exhibition of Norwegian goods throughout Australian capital cities.

It has been shown in Perth and Adelaide and will go to Brisbane in May.

On tour the Clares stay in serviced flats instead of hotels so that the heiress, a Cordon Bleu cook, can prepare meals.

Daughter of the late Captain Wilhelmsen, Mrs. Clare has crossed the Equator 28 times, met her husband "aboard ship, naturally," ten years ago. They spend every summer in Norway.

The idea for the exhibition of Norwegian ceramics, glass, textiles, furniture, etc., originated, said Mrs. Clare, when "house guests were surprised that our beautiful 'Swedish' glassware was Norwegian."

HEIRESS Mrs. John Clare and her husband with skis from the exhibition of Norwegian goods which they are sponsoring in all Australian capital cities.

They pooled the scoop

"OUR bank manager was a being apart. He would arrive at 10 a.m. with top hat, frock coat, umbrella, and gloves, and, taking no notice of anyone, go into his sanctum."

Reading about young Sydney girl bank teller Judy Millar in our November 15 issue, Mrs. Dorothy Miles, of Seaford, Vic., recalls her own days as an 18-year-old paying-out teller in London during World War I.

"I was employed as teller at one of the busiest branches of the London, County and Westminster Bank, High Holborn," Mrs. Miles writes.

"On the half-yearly balance nights we were paid overtime — a golden half-sovereign, which the head male teller, in a sort of ritual, carried around to each one of us in a scoop."

"It was a very interesting time."

TO the many "We speak French, German, Spanish" notices a go-ahead London tailor has added yet another sign of the times. It says: "Teenage spoken here."

Slot machine takes duds

THE Laundromat, common in England and America, is coming to Bondi, N.S.W. It's a do-it-yourself, coin-operated, automatic laundry, open 24 hours a day seven days a week.

Just 4/6 takes care of a 9lb. load, from washing to spin-and-fluff-drying, in just over 30 minutes.

Following Bondi, the new laundries will extend to other Sydney suburbs and later to other Australian cities.

NOTICE in the rear window of an old and battered Rolls-Royce in Piccadilly: "This car slows down for brunettes, stops for blondes, and will back up to forty yards for redheads."

Don't tease the bees

AMATEUR beekeeper Mrs. Leona Geeves, of Bexley, N.S.W., deplores periodic newspaper accounts of "housewives terrified by backyard bee swarms."

While assuring bee-leaguered housewives that there is nothing to panic about, Mrs. Geeves warns: "The most stupid thing these women can do is to take to the swarm with a stick or hose. They could be stung to death."

"My family and I move quite normally among the bees in our garden. In fact, I welcome a few stings — I rather go along with the Russian theory that beekeepers don't suffer from arthritis or rheumatism."

With rheumatics and beekeepers on the increase (for instance, 1000 amateurs keep bees in Sydney), we took Mrs. Geeves' remarks to Mrs. C. W. McIntyre, wife of the secretary of the Commercial Apiarists' Association.

Mrs. McIntyre agreed with Mrs. Geeves. "If you're not happy about the backyard swarm, go inside and call an apiarist, who will remove the swarm."

"However, many people are thrilled to find a swarm on their doorstep. One of our enthusiastic new members had only his hive and no bees. He was so excited at spotting a swarm nearby that he ripped the wire mesh out of his wife's new screen door, wrapped it around his head, and rushed to capture the bees."

If cornered by a bee in a room, "sweat it out," is Mrs. McIntyre's advice. "Steel nerves are needed to see who 'chickens out' first."

About bee stings for arthritis and rheumatism?

Mrs. McIntyre had read about this and knew an Englishman in Victoria who believed that bee stings got rid of his arthritis.

We'd rather not try it!



Jodie Gray

Jodie is a United Nations

COMBINE proud Red Indian Cherokee blood with French and Irish ancestry and you have the stunning good looks of visiting American variety star Jodie Gray.

Jodie, who is 6ft. tall, plays the marimba — a South American xylophone-type instrument — in the Sydney Tivoli's current "Ice Follies."

Her husband, Howard Hardin, is on the same bill as a comic juggler.

Jodie gets Cherokee blood from her grandmother, French and Irish from her mother's side, and French and Indian from her father's.

"Grandma," said Jodie, who has the old lady's once-raven hair and deep-tanned skin, "is 87 but incorrigible. When Dad recently rang her to say he was taking her dancing, she said, 'I must get new dancing shoes.'"

"She greeted him with the new shoes, a fair interpretation of 'The Twist,' and the announcement 'When do we go, boy?'"

Jodie's sister Carole, who also plays the marimba, is one of the top horse trainers in the U.S. Middle West. Carole and her mother train show horses on a ranch in Ohio.

Husband Howard is a graduate in American Police Science and Criminology, lectures at U.S. colleges on scientific crime detection, "relaxes at night with comic juggling."

YOUR BOOKSHELF

By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Daughter of Silence"

Morris West (Heinemann), 20/-.

Excellent writing in an attractive novel which uses all the gimmicks for modern reader success — an Italian setting, a court scene with a beautiful young woman on trial for murder, and intricately woven love affairs. The key character, an Australian psychiatrist, Peter Landon, is in Tuscony staying with the charming, ageing Ascolini, a lawyer famous for his use of medico-legal testimony, who dominates his daughter Valeria and her husband, Carlo. But Landon helps Carlo break free and establish himself as a brilliant advocate for the girl who has killed an ex-partisan in vengeance for her mother's death during the war.

Enfolding the story is Landon's blossoming love for Ninette, a French artist, a strong character with warmth, understanding, and perception. Valeria, like a leaf in the storm, attempts to use Landon — anyone — to her own advantage. The whole resolves itself fairly expectedly and tritely — but the intellectual arguments, convincing dialogue, emotional undertones, and competently wrought plot make it a very satisfying story.

"At The Cross"

Jon Rose (Andre Deutsch), 22/6.

A sordid mixture of squalor, vulgar emotions, sin, and vice is used for this picture of Kings Cross — a lopsided picture without much of the color and charm which characterised the Cross even in wartime, when this autobiography is set. A boy of 16 comes to Sydney from Melbourne hungry for life and the reputed excitement of the Cross. His growing-up process is speeded by experience in such dead-end jobs as washing dishes in a hash-house, contact with people of doubtful sex, failure as a nightclub singer, and friendship with Bella, a big-hearted madam, in whose house he has a room. His life seems concentratedly seamy, with a gaol sentence thrown in for good measure. All the descriptive detail of Sydney and the Cross is there, but the story is flat. One has the feeling that maybe he lived in the Cross, but that these things never happened to him. Moreover, a few errors in place names do not convince. These may have been deliberate, but the wrong spelling of a well-known coffee-shop chain must certainly jar on Sydney-siders.



Dr. Bramley



SOME of Dr. Bramley's 300 diamond tiepins.

What the doctor ordered . . .

DR. ROGER BRAMLEY, of London, has an astonishing array of sartorial resources suitable for the most demanding social occasions.

It includes 50 suits, 20 pairs of handmade shoes, 200 ties, 300 diamond tiepins, 300 gold seals, six umbrellas.

Dr. Bramley regards himself

as one of the best-dressed men in the world. His finery has cost him more than £28,000.

Until he retired, Dr. Bramley was physician-at-large to the Court of St. James — the diplomats' doctor.

Now that he has retired, the doctor spends his time visiting the shops and ordering new clothes.

YOUR *BASIC* BEAUTY AID IS SOAP AND WARM WATER

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● Girls who never clean their faces with soap and water are "just asking for skin trouble," according to Dr. Paul Jewel, a Hollywood cosmetics expert who recently visited Australia.

"T'S a great pity," he said, "that so many girls in their search for modern glamor still cling to grandma's folly that water is bad for the face."

"In fact, it's quite the reverse."

"Every girl, no matter how fair her skin, should wash her face regularly with water and a good mild soap. There's nothing like it for keeping your skin looking healthy and alive."

In Hollywood Dr. Jewel has been the chief research chemist for nearly 30 years for one of the world's biggest cosmetics manufacturers.

His recipe for skin care is simple.

"As indeed it would have to be," he said. "After all, the women behind those pretty faces are mighty lazy creatures."

The routine Dr. Jewel suggests is:

"At night remove make-up with a good cleansing cream. This should be used instead of just the good old soap and water because make-up is essentially based on oil (so that perspiration won't remove it) and it needs the cream to really get it off."

"Then wash your face with soap and water, using a very mild soap and moderately warm water. Rinse your face well, and pat dry with a soft towel or tissue."

"Apply a good skin freshener and pat dry."

"Then go to bed with a clear skin or with just a light application of a top-quality night cream (women with dry skins especially)."

"You don't keep eating and drinking for 24 hours a day. You let your stomach rest. Do it to your skin, too."

"In the morning you should just splash cold water over your face to brighten up your skin and then apply whatever is the best make-up for you."

Dr. Jewel said the ideal make-up for any skin was available today.

Women's greatest hazard in cosmetics was laziness.

"They're prepared to spend money buying cupboards full of beauty aids, but they're not prepared to spend the time or the effort in applying them properly to their own particular needs," he said.

"They read somewhere that there's a new look for faces,



Dr. Paul Jewel in his research laboratory.

with more or less emphasis on the eyes, etc. And they see the models, TV stars, and glamor girls adopting 'The Look'.

"So they start to copy it themselves."

"That's all right in itself. But the tragedy is they do so without in any way adapting it to their own skins and faces."

"When they tackle the job of make-up as haphazardly as this, they're in grave danger of making themselves look just plain ridiculous."

"A woman should use cosmetics to make her look a more attractive self, not to make her look like someone else."

"She should highlight her skin, not hide it under a mask. As a highlight, it's better to look at, and better psychologically for the woman."

Dr. Jewel said that American women alone spend three billion dollars (about £A1,350,000,000) a year on trying to be beautiful.

"The industry has rocketed to these proportions over recent years," he said. "It was a very much smaller story when I started in the business 30 years ago."

"In those days women who weren't on the stage or in

movies were considered fast if they used much make-up."

"This was probably just as well, because then it looked far too stacy for general use."

"We hadn't developed color or texture techniques, so there was no chance for women to blend their make-up. The rouge on their cheeks stood out like stop-signs."

Dr. Jewel's company is the exclusive make-up supplier to Hollywood stars, and he says women can thank the movie and TV industries for practically every improvement in cosmetics through the years.

"We had to work hard to develop cosmetics which would stand up to filming way back in Gloria Swanson's day," he said. "Faces had to look good on the screen, and make-up had to withstand the heat of lighting on the sets."

"But we'd no sooner thought we'd perfected the solutions than along came panchromatic film with a whole new set of problems."

"Since then every few years new problems have arrived with new types of color movies — and, of course, with TV and color TV. So we really can never stop experimenting and coming up with better products."



Actress had a make-up problem

DR. JEWEL said it was a lucky thing for women generally that so many film and television stars had "mighty unattractive" skins and weren't naturally pretty.

Because of this, he said, they were always presenting make-up problems which, when solved, resulted in better cosmetics for all.

There was the case, for instance, of the late Esther Dale, whose skin problem resulted in the introduction of "cake" make-up in 1934.

A New York opera singer, she'd arrived in Hollywood to make one film, and was such a wow that she was signed for more.

But she'd just started the second role when she struck make-up trouble.

Dr. Jewel was called in, and discovered that she'd developed sensitivity to an ingredient. His problem was to produce a cosmetic to which she wasn't sensitive that was also suitable for photography.

The result was a type of cake make-up which Dr. Jewel says was crude by today's standards, but was revolutionary then.

● Picture below shows Miss Dale in a "still" from "Unfinished Business," made 21 years ago with Robert Montgomery (centre) and Eugene Pallette.





"Hey! You rascal you!"

Ask for "Individual" serve packs at Hotels and Motels

There ought to be a better word than "delicious" just for

Bring 'em back Billy Boy! Everyone loves
Kellogg's* Corn Flakes!
Here's a very special flavour we can't describe
and no one can copy.
Crispness that welcomes milk!
Quite a dish these Kellogg's Corn Flakes
—don't you agree?

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

"The best to you each morning."

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 10, 1962



It seems to me

SOMEONE gave me one of those magnetic potholders for Christmas. It looks like an ordinary cloth potholder but has a magnetised piece of metal inside it, so that it sticks to saucepans.

I kept it in the office for a while, surreptitiously throwing it at the steel filing cabinet every few minutes. It is now at home, not used for holding pots, of course, but for entertaining visitors.

I can't remember anything so diverting since the year when everyone was throwing paper aeroplanes out of windows.



Dorothy Drain

ONCE upon a time I would have given an enthusiastic plug to a new kind of alarm clock which is selling overseas.

The clock controls a panel which is placed under the mattress. At the required time the panel vibrates to awaken the sleeper.

As the owner of a loud alarm I know that the problem is not solved by getting out of bed. You have to rev up.

Last week I was battling along at the usual morning pace, somewhere between haste and hysteria, when I switched on the quarter-to-eight news. It proved to be the quarter-to-seven news. I must have turned the clock on an hour when winding it.

Such luck! The hour's bonus made my day. Had the clock shown 5.30 instead of 6.30 when the alarm rang I would have fallen back on the pillow with a groan.

So there is still room for a new kind of alarm, one which creeps forward at night.

The clock must be so constructed that it moves on anything between five minutes and an hour, and it is essential that this speeding-up is beyond the control of the owner.

AN American university student has created a record by staying 24 hours under a lukewarm shower.

It sounds as if he was wet enough beforehand.

A SURVEY by the University of San Francisco showed that women were not regarded as good executives except in businesses calling for "creative efforts." In these fields, said a University spokesman, they had a knack of making the right decisions, which managements attributed to "women's intuition."

When you, dear boy, decide one way or other

And when by great good luck it proves to be

The right decision, that, of course, oh brother,

Displays your flair, your perspicacity.

But when a woman in the same position Has solved a problem dropped upon her lap.

Why then you say it's female intuition, Not like the thoughtful logic of a chap. To disavow clairvoyance would be treason.

It suits us, sir, to claim it now and then. But something tells us—logical, cold reason—

Your survey questions were addressed to men.

OVERHEARD in those last desperate shopping days, from one exhausted woman to another: "Well, thank goodness—now I've bought everything except the white mice."

"TEMPERATURE-WISE," said the weatherman on TV the other night, "tomorrow will be much the same as today."

It is only a year or two since this use of "wise" caused considerable amusement. Now the suffix is so common that eyebrows hardly quiver at it.

Another word that we'll maybe get used to—"rendezvousing." I saw it in an American account of a new device which will enable space vehicles to meet at a selected point. The author spoke of "rendezvousing space vehicles." Wince if you like, but it's compact.

REVERTING to that TV weatherman, he also said: "Tomorrow will be just as pleasant as today, 69 maximum."

"Speak for yourself," I answered crossly, having planned to wear a new summer dress to an after-office party.

Up to 70 I regard as lightweight-suit weather, and who wants to wear a suit to a summer party? So when the 7.45 a.m. radio news gave the figure as 74 I left it till the last minute to ring B071, the telephone forecast.

By that time the Weather Bureau was getting shifty. "Maximum in the early seventies," said the telephone voice.

Never mind. I do appreciate the way they try, and naturally I wore the new dress, anyhow, and shivered.

SOME New York banks sold gift-wrapped packages of money over the Christmas season.

A suitable card to accompany such a present would read, "It isn't the thought, it's the money."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 10, 1962

She won a battle with 'Cobba Cobba'



AUTHOR Francy de Grys is pictured walking along St. George's Terrace, Perth, with her husband, Jan, and family. The children are (from left) twins David and Joanna, Richard, and Dorothy.

● A Perth nurse, housewife, and mother whose married life has been a battle against illness and upheaval has almost finished writing her second book—spurred on by her unexpected success in having her first effort, "Cobba Cobba," published.

SHE is Francy de Grys, whose entry into the world of authors is largely due to the quiet persistence of her friends.

The wife of a Dutch naval pensioner, who is at present in hospital with a nervous breakdown, and the mother of four children, Mrs. de Grys began writing "just for fun."

Her writing occupied her spare time when her husband was superintendent of La Grange Native Settlement near Broome, and Francy was nurse.

She'd read an American woman's book, "We Took To The Woods," which told of similar experience in the wilds of America to her own in the Kimberleys of W.A.

"If she can do it, I'll have a go at it myself," Mrs. de Grys thought, and began typing her story on the backs of outdated Government Meat Supply forms, using a typewriter she'd bought at half a crown a week during her trainee nursing days.

When she'd completed more than 230 pages of her reminiscences she put the manuscript away at the bottom of her wardrobe.

A year later, when the de Grys family moved from La Grange, Francy decided to re-type it, and sent it, in turn, to three publishers. But three times the book came back thicker with blue pencilling.

Discouraged, Francy put the manuscript away again.

One day, however, she discussed her effort with a nursing friend, who finally persuaded Francy to show her the "Cobba Cobba" script.

Without telling Francy, the friend took the manuscript overseas, and during two years in London and America spent spare moments retyping it.

Francy was so grateful for all the trouble she'd gone to that she decided to submit the manuscript again.

"Cobba Cobba" (the name La Grange aborigines used for a corroboree) was accepted, making its first appearance on

While he was there, their first baby died at the age of seven months.

In 1946 Jan was repatriated to Holland and Francy went with him.

In Holland Jan spent a year as an out-patient before being discharged from the Navy and beginning work with a radio and electrical firm.

In 1948 Jan and Francy returned to Australia, accompanied by Dorothy, their elder daughter, born in Holland.

Jan found difficulty in following his electrical trade in Western Australia and they accepted positions first at Mogumber Native Settlement, then at La Grange.

By the end of 1954 La Grange was transferred from the Native Welfare Department to become a Roman Catholic Mission, so the family moved south.

It wasn't long, however, before they were homesick for the north, and they returned, Francy as matron of Wyndham Native Hospital; Jan as secretary-superintendent.

For 15 months they were extremely happy there, but then trouble struck again.

Francy was suspected of chest trouble, and was sent to the Woorlooloo Sanatorium.

Undaunted, her bright, humorous brown eyes took in the life and inhabitants of the sanatorium in the same interested and sympathetic way that they had recorded the simple life of the La Grange aborigines.

By
WINFRED BISSET,
staff reporter

the bookstalls last September. Francy was so excited at this success that she began writing again and has almost finished her second book, "Our Shoes On Other Feet."

This deals with the nine months she spent as a tuberculosis patient at Woorlooloo Sanatorium, W.A.

Born in Perth in 1919, Francy Weyman was raised on a farm, then trained as a nurse. Later, when working at the Royal Netherlands Navy sick-bay at St. Kilda, Victoria, she met her husband, Jan de Grys, a petty officer.

They were married in Melbourne in 1944, but before long Jan contracted TB, and was a patient at the Mont Park Repatriation Sanatorium for a year.

TV's CLEVER CAREER MOTHER

● The vivacious personality of Melbourne's Corinne Kerby is taking her all over Australia as compere of Channel 2's first national woman's programme, "Mainly for Women."

IT is quite a feather in Corinne's cap to have been chosen as a national compere. As a busy wife and mother of two, she has very definite ideas on how her job should be tackled.

She is completely against the idea of "talking down" to women.

"After all, the women who watch TV in the afternoons make up a big part of the night-time audience," she said. "I believe Australian women have a very wide range of interests. They particularly seem to like informative topics."

Corinne's mailbag gives her a good idea of what "Mainly for Women" viewers like to see.

"The letters also give me a private view of my audience," she said. "I can't help feeling a little more personal about the people I'm talking to after I've read the letters."

Corinne is married to Channel 2 producer Oscar Whitbread. They work together, as producer and compere, on the evening variety series, "Let's Make a Date," which features Corinne as hostess to a number of guests in a salon-type setting.

"Oscar and I get a great thrill and have a lot of fun combining as a TV team," Corinne said.

Many invitations

Corinne's work is demanding. Apart from her stints on camera, she gets a dozen or so invitations a week to help with charitable work, speak to women's organisations, open fetes, and judge contests.

"These things are an important part of my work," she said. "I love to do them, but I just haven't got the time for as many as I would like."

Time is a precious commodity for any mother; more so for Corinne. Her children are growing fast. Adam, who looks very like his father, was two in October. Kate has her first birthday this month.

Corinne has definite ideas about bringing up her children. She believes that discipline should come in the form of guidance, not punishment. According to her, punishment is "nonsense."

"After all, children are pretty reasonable little beings," she said, "and they are very imitative. If the parents have certain standards of behaviour, the children will acquire them."

Although Corinne is proud of her organising ability in housekeeping, when it comes to a choice between the house and the children, Adam and Kate come first, however busy she is.

"I'm quite firm about it," she said. "The dirty dishes can wait if the children want to play for a few minutes. It's far more important for them to remember the times we played together than that mother was a good housekeeper."

Corinne's home at Brighton reflects her feminine yet practical personality. She's a great improviser and ideas woman, especially in interior decorating.

"Tip for the Week," her own special spot in "Mainly for Women," allows her to pass on some of her ideas to other homemakers. And every tip is well tested beforehand by Corinne herself.

Corinne always looks elegant and sophisticated on the screen. For her TV work her wardrobe is based on a few good, plain dresses in neutral colors, with the four main neckline variations, "V," round, square, and off-the-shoulder.

"If you didn't do it this way it would be a frantic business dressing for television," she said.

—Margaret Berkeley



CORINNE KERBY gives her home-making tip of the week in her national TV show, "Mainly for Women." Corinne has two children, Adam and Kate.

6

HOSTESSING a night show, "Let's Make a Date," Corinne wears evening dress. The show is a family affair—it's produced by Corinne's husband, Oscar Whitbread, of Channel 2.



TV success for—**A man who is a "great ox" . . .**

● The days of only "pretty boy" leading men have long been over in Hollywood — but Dan Blocker takes the cake, if not the cheesecake.

DAN, 32, is "Hoss" to thousands of Australians (and millions of other people throughout the world) who watch him in the popular Western series "Bonanza."

The outsized member of the Ben Cartwright (Lorne Green) clan, Dan has become one of the most popular leading men in television. He receives about 3000 fan letters a week—mostly from women.

"It's crazy," says Dan. "Next to me Boris Karloff is an Adonis and Peter Lorre a Greek god . . ."

Dan, who weighs 21st. 6lb. and stands 6ft. 5in. in his cowboy boots, has dimensions which seemingly would discourage most people from commenting favorably on his appearance.

"Rarely does such a great ox-of-a man as Dan catch the fancy of the public," says David Dortort, producer of "Bonanza." "But if results from viewers mean anything, his co-stars, Pernell Roberts, Michael Landon, and Lorne Green, if more handsome, just

don't seem to have the appeal of 'Hoss'."

"I know I ain't physically attractive," Dan says. "But there have always been fellows around who weren't real handsome to look at. I have no illusions about myself and I'm better off for knowing my limitations."

"Many good character actors have ruined themselves by trying to play romantic leads. The first thing any performer, either of the TV or movie variety, should do is stake out his limitations, then fill every space in his little sphere . . ."

Horse problem

Dan certainly "fills" every little sphere.

In fact, he is so huge he worries about the horses he rides on TV.

"Everybody else in the show rides a quarter-horse—a rather small pony bred for long, lanky cowpokes," says Dan. "But I wouldn't dare ride such a wiry animal. I would break him down in no time at all if he had to pack my 300 pounds around."

"So Mr. Dortort got me a

Morgan horse, which is extremely long-limbed and strong-backed."

Dan believes that if men like Wallace Beery, Humphrey Bogart, and Spencer Tracy were able to build long and successful theatrical careers for themselves, he, too, stands a better-than-average chance.

The story of Dan Blocker began in Bowie County, Texas, where, according to Dan's dad, he started out with the distinction of being the largest baby ever born there. He weighed 14lb. at birth.

Shack Blocker, a farmer and blacksmith, remembers that his son weighed 7st. 7lb. and was almost 5ft. tall when he first entered school.

The Blockers had by then moved to O'Donnell, Texas, where Shack switched to being a grocer. Dan always wanted to help, and help he did when, at 10, he worked in grain elevators, picked cotton, and did construction work side by side with grown men.

He had taken up drama at school and later in college, but he picked a teacher's career because "it was the only thing I thought I could do."

In fact, he did become a

schoolteacher for a year in Sonora, Texas, before returning to college for his master's degree. He then taught school in Carlsbad, Texas.

Four years ago he arrived in Los Angeles to study for a doctor's degree at the University of California and to become a college professor.

Asked to act

Instead he found himself doing a bit in a "Gunsmoke" episode at the insistence of actor Eddy Ryder, a friend, whom he had telephoned to announce his arrival.

Dan went on to do three "Gunsmoke" episodes, but he also appeared in "Cheyenne," "Wagon Train," "Texas Rangers," "Have Gun—Will Travel," "Maverick," "Sugar-

foot," and many other TV shows, mostly, of course, Westerns.

The Blockers—he is married to a college sweetheart, Dolphia Parker—recently moved into a brand-new ranch-type house near Hollywood, bought with the money he has earned as "Hoss."

How did he come by the part that is making him world famous?

"Very simple," says Dan. "Mr. Dortort gave me a part in 'Restless Gun,' liked my performance so much that he called me back twice. Then N.B.C. went into a venture titled 'Cimarron City,' and on the strength of Mr. Dortort's recommendation I was given a permanent role in it as a sort of four-times Chester to George Montgomery."



"HOSS" CARTWRIGHT (Dan Blocker) and friend . . . Dan is TV's gentle giant, and finds it pays off handsomely.

"It was a good show, but folded after one season, and by that time Mr. Dortort was ready to launch his latest brainchild, 'Bonanza.' There was the role of 'Hoss' in it, and I got it."

Dan loves children. He and his wife have three.

New Films

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★★ THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

Walt Disney crams his deserted island with variety and excitement in this adventure from the Johann Wyss classic. The lively story of the trials and laughs of a shipwrecked family has a string of thrills. Filmed on a colorful dot in the West Indies, Disney's adventure is a New Year "must."—Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . EXCITING.

★ THE TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS

This English-dubbed German film follows the early life of the Trapp Family Singers. The plot has an unreal, old-world quality, and the action—punctuated with many songs—is starchy and slow. But music-lovers will enjoy the sweet voices.—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . STIFF.

★ VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

Mechanically minded small boys will love this cruise in a super-charged submarine. However, labored technical "details," flashing controls, and beeping signals kill excitement for girls.—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . TOO DEEP.

. . . and a dog that's almost human

● Lassie, the honey-colored collie (star of Channel 2's "Lassie"), successfully gives the lie to the idea that a dog's life is awful.



LASSIE . . . 1500 dollars a week.

THE current silky-haired star, the third in a long (since 1942) line of Lassies, is almost human on the screen.

And off-stage he (all the Lassies have been laddies) picks up rewards and adulation and lives in a style that would gladden the heart of a human star.

Lassie lives in a beautiful house in the San Fernando Valley, California, with his proud owner-trainer, Mr. Rudd Weatherwax.

As the TV show he inherited from his dad goes into its seventh year of production, the four-year-old collie "receives" 1500 dollars (about £A750) a week during the TV season.

During the off period he travels throughout America making paid personal appearances.

"We get as much as 2000 dollars for an appearance," says Mr. Weatherwax. "When the series isn't filming, we manage to work in maybe a dozen appearances."

Luxury kennel

When Lassie and his master go on filming or appearance expeditions, the giant collie always travels "first class." It is against rules and regulations of airlines to let a dog ride in a passenger compartment.

But a luxurious, portable, aluminium, air-conditioned kennel is stowed in the plane's luggage compartment.

Last year Lassie flew a total of almost 25,000 miles.

How long can a dog like Lassie stay a star?

There is no predicting how long a dog can be worked, owner Mr. Weatherwax explains—the dog will let him

know when he is tired of doing the various things scripts call for. When that time comes, the next Lassie in line will take his turn in front of the cameras.

Mr. Weatherwax, who began training the original Lassie in 1942, is now working the four-year-old grandson of that collie in the television series. Four years isn't very old, but it does add up to 28 human-type years (one "dog year" equals about seven "people years").

The original Lassie worked for 13 years—the second one for six years. The current collie star is in his second year of acting.

Lassie's stand-in is his own year-old son, called "Little Lassie" to avoid confusion.

The younger dog is often brought to the set to watch his father "act" to become acquainted with the part.

EL CID

• Spain, in the 11th century, cried out for a man to save it from the fanatic Moor, Ben Yussuf. That man was handsome El Cid ("The Leader") . . .



SOUNDTRACK rings with the clash of steel for 11 minutes during the film when El Cid (Charlton Heston), left, Champion of the King of Castile, and Don Martin (Sir Christopher Rhodes), Champion of the King of Aragon, meet on a tournament field to decide which ambitious monarch shall rule the city of Calahorra.



EL CID (right) wins the allegiance of Moutamin (Douglas Wilmer) by proposing that he and other Moorish prisoners be released, despite the fact they had burned the villages of Spanish peasants. The grateful Moutamin later honors his pledge of friendship by saving El Cid's life in an ambush planned by a jealous rival.



... British Empire Films' "El Cid" is a stirring story of love and adventure: El Cid becomes a national hero, and wins a fiery woman.



CASTILIAN beauty Dona Chimene (Sophia Loren) marries El Cid by order of their king although her father was slain earlier by El Cid in a duel of honor.

CHARLTON HESTON as El Cid, the handsome Spanish warrior hero who rose from the rank of minor Castilian noble to bring peace to his war-weary people.



LIKE FATHER, like son: Heston plays "knights" with Fraser, his six-year-old son, on location in Spain. Fraser's miniature El Cid costume is a treasured present from Dad.



EL CID'S troops victoriously enter Valencia — the stronghold of the Moorish fanatic, Al Kadir — after the starving city has surrendered. This sequence was filmed in 11th-century Peniscola.

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ters must be original, not
previously published.
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letters with signatures.

Mobilise housewives

WITH threats of 50-megaton bombs hanging over our heads housewives should be organised into groups and instructed in the rudiments of Civil Defence. In time of possible national disaster they could alleviate much suffering. Such groups would also encourage the housewife to participate more actively in civic affairs.

£1/1/- to L. Graham, Mortdale, N.S.W.

Thoughtless spouse

WHILE struggling home from shopping with a heavy bag and a pusher (with a six-month-old baby) I was glad to see my husband driving down the street. But, tooting the horn and waving, he went on his way home. When I finally reached our gate he was there to meet me. He wheeled the pusher inside, leaving me—exactly half his weight—with the bag.

£1/1/- to "Exasperated" (name supplied), Adelaide.

Speech snobbery

AMONG the diverse forms of spoken English some methods of speech enjoy a greater respect and wider usage than others. But the cold fact remains, whether the would-be purist likes it or not, that no authoritative body exists in our Commonwealth to standardise spoken English. So instead of deriding "accents" let's respect the differences of each form, whether it be national, dialect, or social.

£1/1/- to "Anti-Phony" (name supplied), Hornsby, N.S.W.

Gossip is malicious

RECENTLY, while waiting for a friend at a tram stop in a suburban shopping centre, I overheard four women maliciously slandering another woman who wasn't there to defend herself. This discussion continued for fully half an hour. Why don't women realise that this is not just social talk but their sadistic nature coming out?

£1/1/- to "Disgusted" (name supplied), Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

Young gallant

MY four-year-old son had been collecting pennies for my husband and me for two weeks. One day I discovered why. While we were shopping he bought me a milkshake. With only enough pennies for one drink, he gallantly insisted he wasn't thirsty. I feel so proud, I had to tell you.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Pirie, Glenroy, Vic.

Too many ugly nicknames

WHAT do parents think of people who give their children ugly nicknames? With all the lovable and pretty nicknames one can call a child — such as Precious, Treasure, Twinkletoes, Sugar — most people choose names like Tiger and Butch.

£1/1/- to "Rosbud" (name supplied), Westonia, W.A.

Exploited generosity

RECENTLY I invited a friend to lunch with me in the city — seven miles away. Liking to do things nicely, I ordered a private hire car and called for her. Imagine my feelings when she ordered the driver to detour so she could visit her milliner. While she chatted about her new hat, the meter ticked away merrily. On the way home she took the car two miles out of the way. I paid a substantial bill. Never again!

£1/1/- to "Empty Purse" (name supplied), Caulfield, Vic.

Smacks cruel?

I, TOO, think smacking a young baby is both cruel and needless, "Shocked" (Tas.). She said she knows of one baby being smacked from the age of six weeks and asks at what age babies should receive their first smack. The only result of smacking would be a fretful, cringing infant, who becomes a cowardly bullying adult. I reared my children with the saying in mind: "You can drive the devil in, but you can't drive him out."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Pearson, Geelong, Vic.

SMACKING is unnecessary and undignified at any age. The small baby looks to his mother for comforts and, if the one who provides his nourishment also hurts him, he'll be a mixed-up child before he can walk.

£1/1/- to "Mother Love" (name supplied), Wellington, N.Z.

IF animals can be taught obedient devotion with loving kindness, why not children? Their response to such treatment would be equal to and much more rewarding than that of any animal.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. W. Robinson, Adelaide.

THE age at which one begins smacking a child depends on the child's temperament and the mother's patience. Perhaps delinquency wouldn't be a major problem if parents smacked children a little earlier, instead of indulgently saying, "He's only a baby."

£1/1/- to P. McKenzie, Bicton, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

MORE and more women today are ironing less and less.

The trend has gone on for some time and it is gaining strength.

It is amazing now to look back on the mountains of ironing that were done in my youth. Tablecloths, serviettes (known to the elite as table napkins), sheets, and pillowslips were eternally being ironed.

I don't know how women found the time. Now and then you still come across an all-iron woman, but they are rare.

The only one I know is Mrs. Thelma Donkling. She even irons her towels, though friends tell her she is mad.

It was the washing-machine that first made women restless about ironing. We've got out of one chore; why are we stuck with the other? That was the dangerous question in their minds.

Then the no-iron-shirt people made their big breakthrough. Discontented women like Mrs. Nora Skippett, of our district, began to

MINIMUM IRON

mutter: if no-iron shirts, why not no-iron everything?

Mrs. Skippett began her campaign against ironing by refusing to iron sheets. "What's the point of it when some great galoot just crumples them straight away?" she said.

This was thought to be a thinly veiled allusion to Mr. Skippett.



For the same reason she stopped ironing pillowcases.

She gave up using serviettes. "If people can't eat without spilling they'll just have to lean over," she declared.

By switching to plastic tablecloths

she eliminated nappery ironing altogether.

She issued an ultimatum to Mr. Skippett: buy no-iron shirts or wear unionised shirts.

Likewise, she refused to iron pyjamas, hankies, and underwear—except a few special items like party petticoats. The Nora Skippett doctrine is: what the eye doesn't see the iron needn't work over.

She is a strong-minded person and naturally she has roused antagonism among conservative women.

This happened when she scoffed at Mrs. Donkling for ironing her daughter's navy-blue school uniform pants. "Nobody sees them, anyway," Mrs. Skippett said.

Mrs. Donkling, nettled, replied: "The headmistress sees them when she makes her inspection. And I want them to look just so."

Mrs. Skippett laughed harshly. She irons hardly anything now, except a few cotton frocks for little Fiona (the apple of her eye).

She says she is the woman of tomorrow—the No-Iron Woman. But to avoid ironing, she has to be a woman of iron.

Lissa didn't realise that her youth was slipping by until a chance remark brought her face to face with a momentous decision

CROSS ROADS

BY ALEC RACKOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LISSA BRALEY sat in her cottage, oak-beamed living-room at the tree-smothered end of Manor Lane. In the distance the rumble of thunder closed the sultry day. The telephone was on the coffee-table. Lissa had twenty-five minutes. Twenty-five seconds would be enough to reach Hugh Warrenton.

Lissa crushed another barely smoked cigarette. The gilt-framed mirror across the room reflected the shine of her long fair hair; the camellia skin and wide-spaced greenish eyes. At that distance Lissa could not see the strands of hair, palely white against the rest, but she knew they were there and she knew that if it were not for those two strands there would be no tearing compulsion of choice upon her.

A week ago the boys, Peter, 14, and Donald, 12, had gone off to camp. Lissa had been glad. She had said to Paul's grin, "Eight blessed weeks of rest from two selfish, loving by acceptance, inconsiderate, all-expectant, quite normal boys."

Paul was stocky and sandy haired. When Lissa was in full regalia, with high spiked heels, she was a half-inch taller. A quiet man, Paul, hiding his amused, aware acceptance of the world behind the pipe that was always in his mouth. The sort of man one associated with a blazer, a silk scarf, and a jauntily cocked cap.

That was how Lissa had first seen him, 15 years ago, when she was 18, during the war. Paul had been serving in the Navy, the lowliest of engineers on a destroyer. She had never regretted one moment of their courtship, spur-of-the-moment wedding, and the years that had passed. Not even the long months alone and waiting to give birth to Peter, with Paul somewhere in the Pacific.

A wonderful man, looking much younger than his 38 years. A good husband, good engineer, good father. A man without inhibitions, envy, or resentments. The sort of man who could grin when one of the party who had been away with Paul on an expedition for a mining company brought into the "Remembers?" the name of some woman. "Remember that blonde in Akvustush? The one that wanted to mother you, Paul?"

Paul wouldn't even look at Lissa. He took it for granted that no matter what had happened, if anything had, she knew that he loved her; loved his family and his life.

She was not jealous of Paul, ever; any more than he was of her and the way men admired her.

The morning the boys went away Lissa packed the one suitcase Paul was taking with him. He was flying to his company's northernmost mine in Canada. From there he would go by plane still farther north and then by helicopter into the otherwise inaccessible Arctic.

Paul said, "What will you do?"

"Have a holiday. Perhaps I'll go to the seaside. Today I know what I'm going to do. As soon as I'm rid of you I'm going to have my hair done. This afternoon I'm going to the Gobles' cocktail party. At least I'll be able to apologise in person for another of your let-downs. Perhaps I'll meet someone tall, blond, and handsome. I'll take it from there."

They laughed together, comfortably. Lissa closed the bag and Paul got up to fasten the straps. He said, "When I get back we'll take a month somewhere really comfortable. I'll have had enough of roughing it."

Lissa drove Paul to the station and saw him aboard the train that would take him into New York. She walked to the hairdresser's. Ingrid, the blonde with the uncrackable porcelain make-up, said, "Big night, Mrs. Braley?"

"I'm on the prowl," Lissa said jokingly. "My husband has gone to Canada. The boys have gone to camp. I'm going to a cocktail party. First."

Ingrid lifted the long, lustrous hair to brush from the side. She said, "Oh. I hadn't noticed. Do you want me to tweak those out, Mrs. Braley?"

Lissa leant forward to the mirror. She saw Ingrid's hand holding up the hair from her temple and she saw the unmistakable white strands and felt a shock that for the moment left her breathless.

Ingrid said, "Some people get them terribly early. Why, I knew a girl . . ."

Lissa was not listening. She could not take her eyes from the reflection of the white hairs. When Ingrid said, "All right?" Lissa said, "What?"

"I'll take them out."

To page 24

As Lissa pressed the lift button she wondered who was the handsome man standing behind her.



Famed maker of models keeps fit with All-Bran

Mr. A. H. White, Parsonage Rd., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Mr. Alfred H. White, renowned maker of model ships and cathedrals, says: "I have never suffered from irregularity since eating All-Bran. I enjoy it very much. All-Bran is certainly a good product—keeps me fit at all times."



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All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp, appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK—Nature's way of keeping you fit, regular and cheerful.

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B, Niacin, Food Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

See then why it is so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative food—instead of harsh purgatives which drain energy away.

Begin this pleasant test tomorrow

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you should see your doctor.

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So crisp and appetising



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

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LOOK FOR THE LABEL—AUSTRALIAN MADE

Continuing . . . CROSSROADS

from page 23

Lissa said, "No. There'll only be more. I'm thirty-three." In the mirror Ingrid's raspberry-red mouth made an O. "You are?" I'd never have thought you were ten years older than me."

Lissa thought, nor would I. "Well," Ingrid said. "With hair like yours, you'll look wonderful, Mrs. Braley."

When Lissa got back to the sprawling white house they'd bought less than a year before, she lit a cigarette with shaking fingers. In their room she lifted the hair from her temples. She'd always thought of herself as young—as no different than when she had been eighteen. The boys hadn't affected that feeling nor the fifteen years of marriage, but the white hairs could not be ignored.

At first Lissa thought that she would not go to the Gobles; then she said to herself, "You can't stay here and mope. You are thirty-three. You'll be forty before you know it."

NEW YORK

was blistering hot, gilded with heavy sun that beat from buildings and pavements. Lissa knew that she looked more than well in the cocktail dress but she was even more aware of the white hairs.

She thought, "I won't stay long. Tomorrow I'll get in the car and drive east." Mountains or sea or both. She'd visit the boys at their camp like the other mothers she'd always thought of as being of an older generation. She'd know that she was as old as most of them.

The Gobles' penthouse flat was in Park Avenue. When Lissa came from the lift the party was at its height. Noise and cigarette smoke billowed round over a hundred guests. People stood in knots, drinks in hand, practically shouting. The women, Lissa saw with new eyes, were either terribly young or else they were trying to be. Like me. Deceiving ourselves. She looked for her hostess while people made way without looking at her. Baldheaded men had glistening scalps. Grey-haired ones leant toward young things.

Lissa found Minna. Minna said, "Darling, how nice you look. Do excuse me..." She moved off before Lissa could explain why Paul had not come. Lissa thought, I wonder if Minna really knew who I was.

A man looked at her in the act of raising his glass. He was flushed and middle-aged. Lissa turned purposely away to the crush at the bar. Then she thought, "I don't want a drink. I don't want this. I'm going home."

There were people in the hall, shrieking, clutching drinks, turning over the remnants of canapes on trays, and dribbling ash. The door of the lift was just opening. A man got in and Lissa hurried.

The man did not move and Lissa reached and pressed the button. The doors closed and the lift started down. Lissa looked at the man, annoyed at his bad manners. He was tall, with crisp hair, a lean face, a short-cropped but well-shaped moustache, and brown eyes. He

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4988W, G.P.O., Sydney.

wore a suit whose cut was Savile Row.

The man looked at Lissa, not with a leer, nor speculation, nor even interest. He just looked at her and Lissa saw that he was angry. He said, his voice as English as his suit, "Were you invited?"

Lissa said frostily, "Of course I was."

"Why? What was the occasion?"

"A cocktail party. To meet someone. A writer."

"And did you?"

Lissa said, trying hard to remember the card that Minna Goble had sent, "I was there for only a couple of minutes."

The lift stopped and the door slid open as Lissa said, "Did you meet him? I remember now. Hugh Warrenton."

Beyond the glass and wrought-iron doors Park

drink with me? I need a sympathetic ear. I've had as much as I can bear and I want to grouse."

His manner, appealing and yet at the same time impersonal, won Lissa. She found herself, fifteen minutes later, seated at a white-painted table on a cool terrace. Hugh Warrenton took a draught of his gin and tonic and leant back. "Peace, blessed peace." His dark eyes surveyed her. "Thank you very much. You're...?"

"Lissa Braley. Mrs. Paul Braley."

Hugh leant his handsome head against the wall while Lissa sipped her drink. He said, "The worst of it is that I wasn't keen on this. I'm no angry young man; I haven't got a bee in my bonnet or anything. I've a bit of money; so has my wife. We've a farm in Kent. We grow apples and a few acres of hops. The boys



know how many authors these American publishers have on their active list? Two hundred. No doubt a hundred and ninety-nine are more important than me. I met the director, or whatever he's called. He shook my hand, gave me a cigar and a drink."

"Then he turned me over to some young thing whose duty it is to look after me. Married, and she treats me as if she was an estate agent with a property to show. I've been interviewed at lunches by people who are obviously just doing their job; been interviewed on the wireless by people who let me say six words; been on a television show where a fellow held up my book and forgot my name."

He frowned at Lissa. "What's the name of that famous department store?"

"Macy's?"

"Yes. Young thing is going to take me there before it opens tomorrow. To talk to the sales people in the book department. I dread it. All I can think of is them, having to listen to the same thing they hear every day in the week."

He finished his drink. When he smiled he was very handsome. "Thank you. Beautiful young women who listen are rare indeed. I'm not keeping you? An engagement?"

Lissa shook her head and Hugh said, "Then look."

The evenings are almost worse. They leave me on my own. Would you have dinner with me?"

When Lissa garaged the car and let herself into the empty house she was deeply grateful that she had met Hugh. She'd spent a wonderfully interesting evening with a man who had taken her mind from herself. A handsome, vital, intelligent man who had made her feel that she was indeed beautiful; that she was intelligent and interesting, too. And young, as she had always thought herself to be.

Lissa got ready for bed slowly. She thought, "I'll tell Paul. They'd like each other, I'm sure. One day, when the boys are at college, we'll take that European trip. We'll go to Kent and see Hugh and his wife. The coast houses..." She sat brushing her hair and only at last did she think of the white strands. She did not lift her hair to look at them. She thought instead that she would see Hugh tomorrow. She would show him that there was more than just the city in New York.

HUGH came from the train. He wore grey trousers and a brown jacket. He carried a book in his hand and gave it to Lissa as he settled beside her in the car. "Don't expect too much."

Lissa could not help looking to see if Hugh had autographed the copy. The inscription was just what she expected. "To Lissa Braley—Hugh Warrenton."

She said, "Thank you. How was Macy's?"

Hugh said dolefully, "Those poor people. Their blank, suffering faces. Let's not think of them. This—you can't know how wonderful this is for me. Is West Point far?"

Hugh smoked his cigarettes, looking interestedly at the landscape. He murmured his admiration when the Hudson River came into view, and when Lissa drew the car to a halt he stood by the parapet a long time before he said, "The poor Rhine. There's no comparison."

There were lots of other people at West Point but they could not mar the grey dignity and beauty of the buildings. They sat and looked at the Hudson far below and talked. They drove to a restaurant and dined among nice-looking people.

To page 50

Had fate played
a cruel trick on
her now? . . . a
short short story

THE LAST FLIGHT

BY JAN ANDERSEN



JILL looked out of the back window of the taxi and saw that they were in a solid stream of traffic. She glanced at her watch. There was plenty of time. Once through Slough they would be at the airport in ten minutes.

After five minutes without moving, the first feeling of panic hit her. "What do you suppose is wrong?" she asked.

The driver got out and walked up the stream of traffic. When he came back he said philosophically: "We're out of luck, miss. An accident at the far end. Two lorries across the road. They reckon twenty minutes to clear them."

"Twenty minutes!" Jill gasped. "But . . . but I'll never get the plane."

"Well, I'll do my best for you, but we're hemmed in. I haven't a hope of even getting down a side street."

Those were the worst twenty minutes of Jill's life. She sat numbly, hearing the seconds tick away, her mind drained of everything except the utter helplessness of her position.

"Oh, Alan, Alan," she whispered, "I've let you down again."

Since Alan had gone she had lost count of time. The days and nights had merged into an aching blur. She could only think in terms of before Alan went and after Alan went. And the dreadful thing was that she had only herself to blame.

Her mind drifted back to that last meeting, to the decision she had made and bitterly regretted . . .

"Marry me, Jill," he said lightly.

She turned back from the kitchen door and raised her hands in mock horror.

"Oh, no, not that again! You know my answer; you know what I think."

"Yes, I know. I just thought I'd have one more try." Gently the smoke from his cigarette spiralled to the ceiling. Then he added abruptly: "I'm going to Rome next week."

The gay laughter died from her eyes. "Rome! Why?"

"To write. I need a change. I've been in England too long."

"But . . ." she came back into the room and said quietly, "Is it anything to do with me?"

He shrugged. "Yes and no. If you're not going to marry me I'm not going to see you any more. There's no point to it, Jill."

"Listen, Alan." She sat down beside him and tried to explain the things she had explained so often. "You know I want to marry you. There's no one else. But you have a way of life I don't understand. You write, you roam, you don't think about the future. Don't you understand that a woman must have some security?"

His eyes met hers briefly.

"I understand only that I would never let you down. I gave up everything to be a writer. I can't go back to a nine-to-five job until I acknowledge failure. And I'm a long way from that. I'm not asking you to live in a garret. I have some money, you know."

"Yes," she said helplessly, "but how long will it last?"

"So that's your last word?" he said. "You won't come to Rome?"

She shook her head and her eyes pleaded with him.

"I can't, Alan, I can't. We just see marriage differently, that's all."

He came over and touched her mouth lightly with his lips.

"So it's goodbye, Jill."

"You'll write, won't you?" There was a tremor in her voice.

"No. There'd be no sense in it."

In the next few days she drew strength from her certainty that she had made the right decision. There were other men in the world, other lean, dark men who wouldn't want to be chasing a will-o'-the-wisp.

But when she realised he had finally gone, the awful truth hit her. There were other men, but there was no other Alan. And she loved him. As long as she lived she could not deny that love.

She became desperate and started phoning everyone who knew him. Yes, he was in Rome, but there was no address; he was going to find a room when he got there. He had cut himself off completely.

Just as she had done every night since he had gone, she went home to an empty flat with the telephone that no longer rang. The crowds jostled her as they fought for seats on the train. A tall man knocked her arm and turned swiftly to apologise. She gazed at him with shock and her lips mouthed Alan's name.

She flushed and turned away. Of course it wasn't. He was lean and dark, but there the resemblance ended. Alan's eyes were a challenging blue, and his mouth would have teased her with its smile.

When she reached home she had taken off her coat and gloves before she saw the letter lying on the mat. She picked it up and her hand shook as she saw the Italian postmark.

There was no address on the letter. It was brief and to the point:

"We've both now had time to think things over. I still want you to come. If you don't I shall go farther south, where I've the offer of a cheap villa. Enclosed you'll find a plane ticket. I shall meet the flight and if you're not on it I'll understand you have written 'finis' on this chapter of your life . . ."

For a long time she gazed at the ticket. So she had been granted a reprieve. When she saw him there would be no need to explain what she had learned in the past weeks: that home was beside the man you loved. It was not the roof or the job that was important, only the knowledge that

your love was strong enough to hold you together.

When she closed the door of her flat for the last time she had no feeling of regret, only one of enormous relief that Alan had understood her better than she understood herself.

She came to with a start as the traffic began to move, slowly, painfully, inch by inch. The driver took risks he certainly wouldn't under normal circumstances. Then they hit the open road and within five minutes were outside the airport buildings.

He grabbed her bags and she rushed in.

"Rome," she cried. "Has the flight to Rome gone?"

The official glanced at his watch.

"It's on the runway. I'm afraid you'll have to get the next one."

Dully she turned away, feeling the sobs of despair rise and catch in her throat. She paid the driver off and walked slowly upstairs to the roof. The sun glinted on the aircraft as it moved down the runway, gathering speed until it was in the air, soon a distant speck in the sky.

With it, for the second time, went her dreams of the future. Fate had played on her its cruellest trick.

Down in the main booking hall she realised her hand was still clenched round the crumpled ticket. It was no good now. She let it drop to the floor.

A receptionist called her back.

"Your ticket! You've dropped your ticket."

Jill half smiled. "It's no use now. I missed my plane."

Helpfully the girl said, "We may be able to change it for you." She smoothed out the paper and Jill turned away uncaring.

The girl smiled and caught Jill by the arm.

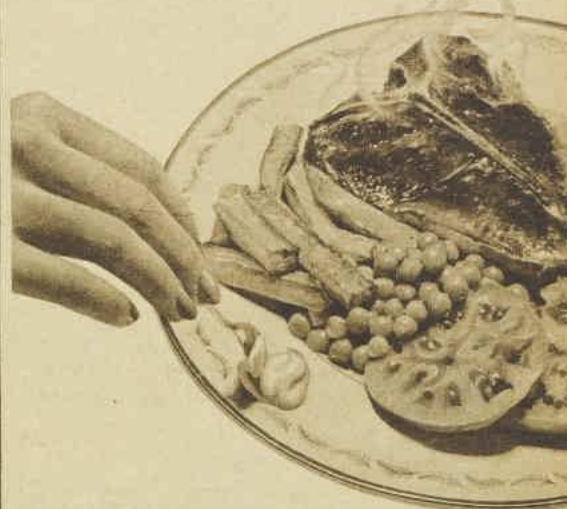
"It's all right. You must have made a mistake. Today's the fifth. This ticket's for tomorrow. You're a day too soon . . ."

Jill turned and the thunder of another departing plane was like music in her ears.

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January 10, 1962

Teenagers

WEEKLY



Published by The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

DEBBIE PLANS A HAWAIIAN PARTY — pages 6, 7

LETTERS

BEATNIK



"Sorry, man, there's no New Year party making it around here . . . we're still celebrating Christmas."

Don't be one of the mob

ARE you normal, well adjusted, considered by everyone as completely sane? If so, you have my deepest sympathies. You are in about the worst state you could possibly be.

Just step back and consider what the world regards as normal—a desire to get as much as possible for as little as possible, a complete disregard for culture (by "culture" I don't mean necessarily "high-brow" culture), contentment to let all the important and truly exciting things in life drift by, and, worst of all, the lack of a meaningful, personal religion which could give a reason for life as well as a purpose for it.

Is it worthwhile sacrificing the real joys of life just to be one of the mob? Take a chance. Have a bash at being a person for a change; at being you.

After all, you're the only one of you there is, so why try to hide yourself in the middle of a crowd?—Tim Thorne, Burnie, Tas.

Helping orphans

MARGARET MADIGAN (T.W., 13/12/61) suggested that teenage groups should take presents to children in orphanages. This is a very kind idea, but better still would be to persuade people to invite orphans into their homes for a holiday. My parents have done so for years, and I don't think anything can beat seeing an unfortunate child enjoying the simple things we take so much for granted. — S.B., Brighton, Qld.

Casual job

LOOKING for a casual job over the holidays? The best is that of a mother's help. The experience gained in home management is invaluable, and some of these jobs include a free holiday with the family for whom you work. — Margaret Nichols, Hamilton South, N.S.W.

Next week

CANDY HARDY has selected four summer dresses specially for Australian teenagers. All can be sewn from simple patterns, and next week we show them in full color. Our pin-up will be Melbourne rocker Malcolm Arthur and our boy-of-the-week will be a 17-year-old Brisbane lad who has built his own swimming-pool.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our cover shows part of lovely Lake Eucumbene, in the Snowy Mountains, which is zooming as a summer holiday resort. Photographed by Raymond Ferris, of Cooma, the young couple in the boat are his son Trevor and a friend, Alison Ritchie.

Study psychology

AS far as I know no school studies psychology, the study of "what makes men tick." Psychology is essential to persons working with people, such as schoolteachers and doctors, and useful for everybody else—for everybody has to live with people.

It seems strange that such an important subject is not taught in schools. Proof that psychology should be studied is evident in the way people regard mental illness as shameful. There is nothing to be ashamed of.

Surely a man who cannot write because of a defect of the brain is no worse than a man who cannot write because of a physical defect of the hand. Studying psychology would help people to realise this. — Owen Pix, Kensington, S.A.

Mad-hatter

THERE is nothing like a change to awaken the spirit (and the boys!), so raid the clothes cupboards and hunt out all those moth-eaten old straw hats. Ghastly, aren't they?

But not for long. (1) Turn them inside out. Better? (2) Sit on them and give them a hacking with scissors. Much better! (3) Now, fish out some old paints, the color of those divine new summer slacks, and slop paint over it. (4) Lastly, nip down the street and buy a bit of white bobble fringe and stitch it around the edge.

Marvellous, isn't it? — Claire MacFarlane, Heidelberg, Vic.

Who's Twisting?

ROCK-N-ROLL is still in the swing, but just recently the Twist has reached Australia. What impression has it made in the cities? In Canberra "the latest" usually takes a while to catch on, but we are "Twisting" already. Do most of Australia's teenagers enjoy "Twisting"? Do you consider it will last? — Margaret C. Davies, Canberra, A.C.T.

School hatred

HATRED always seems to exist between State high schools and private schools. The private-school boys mock some of the high-school pupils who have not very much money and consequently cannot dress well, while the high-school boys call the private-school pupils "snobs."

Sometimes great friendships, formed in primary school, are broken up merely because the children go to different secondary schools and don't dare to be seen speaking to each other for fear of being jeered at by their classmates.

Surely this "traditional" hatred could be forgotten so that inter-school social and sporting activities could be enjoyed more? — S. N. Larrens, Rosalie, Qld.

Ban teen drivers

IS the necessity for boys and girls under 21 to drive a vehicle so great that we must suffer a large number of deaths and accidents? The real need is a lower death rate. The greatest percentage of deaths are caused by drivers under 21, and, though still a teenager, I say that no one under 21 should be given a licence. — Sue Wallace, Cottesloe, W.A.

How to cure an inferiority complex

TRY not to worry too much about your inferiority complex. It is part of being the lovely age of 16 and most teenagers suffer from it. As you grow older and more poised you will lose it.

In the meantime, try to be really good at something—tennis, painting, music, cooking—whatever you are interested in. The confidence given by excelling in a chosen field is a great morale builder. — "Jumbuk," Yass, N.S.W.

WHEN I asked my family how to cure an inferiority complex my father said to write your autobiography, being completely truthful in everything you write about yourself. He said that an inferiority complex was caused by things that had happened a long time ago that you were ashamed of but had forgotten. If you examine these things carefully you would see that they weren't so bad at all. — Joy Brown, Bonbeach, Vic.

DEVELOP any abilities you might have, possibly in sport or any other interest, and join a club in connection with it so you will find it easy to converse and give

● "Worried Teen" (T.W. 6.12.61) asked for advice on how to overcome an inferiority complex. Here is a selection from many replies:

opinions and so gain confidence and the friendship of other members. Remember, we all have feelings of inferiority. — "Confidence Regained," Brisbane.

WHENEVER you meet someone, don't be afraid to say hello—and, above all, SMILE! — "Smiler," Liverpool, N.S.W.

I AM the owner of a big crooked nose and, when young, suffered the tortures of the damned because of it. School pals teased me, teenage friends called me "Conk." Through this I developed a man-sized complex.

One day it came to me that this could not continue. Not having the finance for plastic surgery, I decided to treat my nose as a joke, which in truth it was and still is. I made remarks and jokes about it, laughing heartily all the time. This done I found I could

face anything and gradually I have given up all self-pity. — "Nosy," Narraggin, W.A.

I, TOO, suffered from your complaint, and in a desperate effort to overcome it I started part-time work in a shop. Here I met people every day, and after a few days I could speak to people without blushing and stammering.

Like me, you probably walk around with your head down. This I corrected by joining our local marching girls' club, where I was taught how to look my height and walk proudly. I now have confidence in myself and am a very happy girl. — "Happy," Burnie, Tas.

IF you can find nothing that you can do well, discuss it with your parents and, if necessary, go with them to see a psychiatrist connected with the Education Department. He should be able to help you. — "Cured," Canterbury, Vic.

MY trouble was that I felt awkward when I was with anyone except my best friend. About a year ago I met a new group of people of both sexes who were nearer my own age than my previous friends. I felt equal to them and grew to be more friendly and natural when with them and now with everyone.

My advice is to meet some younger people. Also, at times, I found it helped to "boast" a little, rather than be modest. This gave me more confidence in myself, but do this only a little and very occasionally. — Diana Smith, Salisbury North, S.A.

THE cause of an inferiority complex is thinking too much of one's self and not enough of other people. When entering a room full of people, how easy it is to wonder whether you are making a good impression, etc.

But forget yourself for the moment and put your whole mind on the people with whom you are talking and the conversation, and you will find there is no time for worry about yourself. — "Melissa," Lockleys, S.A.

First job fashions

● Clothes and grooming are as important as exam results when applying for your first job. Suitable fashions, pictured here, were recently paraded for students of a Melbourne business college.

VERSATILE two-piece of denim (left) always looks fresh and attractive in the office. Skirt can be worn either with the striped top, as here, or with a white "sissy" blouse. The top, too, looks well with leisure slacks. In blue, pink, olive, or white. Price £6.19.11.



GENTLY FLARED skirt of this sharkskin two-piece (above) is easier than a straight skirt for the office worker who sits at a desk most of the day. The simple bloused-below-the-waist top is not too sophisticated and the bows at the hipline give a soft relaxed look. The price is £8.19.6.



SMART synthetic batiste dress (left), knife-pleated from shoulder to hem, drip-dries overnight. Comes in olive, dark pine-green, or caramel-brown, priced at £9.19.11. Perfect in the office, this dress is right for dates, too, with suitable costume jewellery.

● Fashions from The Myer Emporium

EASY - T O - WEAR office version of the Kookie dress, made of finely striped white synthetic. This dress, easy-to-laundry, durably pleated, with two big pockets and a roll girdle-tie, is priced at £6.19.11. All the fashions on this page were modelled at the parade by one of the college students, 16-year-old Pauline Verrey.

● Turn overleaf for the do's and don'ts of landing your first job.



Simple make-up

MAKE-UP hints for girls seeking jobs were also demonstrated at the parade by a beauty expert. Her basic hint: keep your make-up simple, unobtrusive, and girlish, and never try to make yourself look sophisticated. Using another student, 16-year-old Caroline Pearson, as a "guinea-pig," she showed (right) how too much thick pancake and eye make-up give a hard tizzy look, emphasised by heavily marked eyebrows curving down instead of up. At left, a light make-up, pink-coral lipstick, subdued eye make-up, and natural eyebrow line give Caroline the natural fresh look.



In addition to the "first-job" fashion and make-up tips for girls on the previous page, here are some hints for girls and boys on applying for a job and being interviewed.

Do's and don'ts for that first job

By Marjorie Stapleton

● This can be a disheartening time of year for a lot of young people who have just left school. Many of them go home at night after a day's job-hunting with the sinking feeling that the world doesn't want them.

BUT remember — very few people get the first job they apply for, or the second, or the third.

Those with high exam passes get absorbed into the big world quickly, but for every position advertised there is only one person selected and nearly everyone knows that awful feeling of being turned away.

As the year goes by it turns out that there is a place for everyone.

I interviewed a number of employers to see if they could give any tips on how to impress people the right way when you're applying for a job. They told me plenty.

First impressions

Although first impressions are not infallible, they carry a terrific amount of weight with all employers.

Youth is sometimes its own enemy. Many boys and girls know the right thing to do, but they just WON'T do it. They think that to be deferential is to be obsequious. It's not.



Take, for instance, the experience of the boss who greeted one applicant with the friendly words: "Good-morning, how are you today?"

"Fine, thanks, how's yourself?" replied the pretty pristine-looking young maiden of 16.

Speak well

That employer covered up the girl's name and showed me the comments he'd scratched on the back of her card. Just two words: "OH, NO." In capitals like that.

Take another young lady who produced report cards and other evidence that she had spent 10 years at an exclusive girls' school (which must have cost her devoted parents oodles of boodle).

"I love anything to do with office work," the girl confided cheerfully.

But the man who interviewed her thought that such love was not enough.

"Unforgivable in her case," he commented. "People who deal with the public must speak well."

One woman employer told me of the girl who bounced cheerfully into her office and said: "Oh—are you going out?"

"No," replied the startled employer. "Will you sit down, please."

"But you've got your hat on. Do you work with a hat on?"

As the woman said to me, "Hardly the right beginning. It's usually safe to let the interviewer open the conversation."

This same employer flicked through a sheaf of notes on her desk.

"Here's another incident I jotted down," she said. "I was searching for a pen I'd mislaid, and I remarked conversationally to one lass that I'd just returned from a holiday."

"The lass replied heartily, 'You're lucky. That's what I need—a good holiday.'"

"Not exactly the girl you'd choose to start work the next week!"

As for boys, some of them seem to err on the side of gruffness, while others are so extremely modest that they defeat

their own purpose. They become positively inarticulate when they hear the words: "Come in."

"After all, they're being invited in, and they'll be made welcome for a few minutes," one employer explained to me.

"When a boss asks a boy if he can do a certain thing he should speak out clearly. He can either say yes or say no but he'd like to learn. That gives a man confidence."

"We don't expect young people to know everything. In fact we often like to train them to our own ways."

"The other day I gave a job to a boy who said firmly and clearly: 'I've done a little of that work, sir, and I feel I'd be good at it with practice.'"

"I gave him the job partly on account of his optimism and partly on account of the 'sir.' You can't get away from it—that's a good word for a boy to use if he wants to get places."

Ask questions

I learned that most Australian teenagers dress impeccably when they go job-hunting.

The unfussy hats and the little white gloves, seamless stockings, and clean shoes set off the girls' neat dresses or suits.

Most boys wear fragrantly clean shirts, which speak of good homes, open-air life, and nice habits.

"There were quite a few boys in my waiting-room one day," an executive told me. "I strolled through and it smelled like ironing-day at home. They were a fine bunch of kids."

So the race is equal from that point of view. The rest is largely a matter of brushing up on general manners and putting the best foot forward.

Always remember—don't interview you. But ask him intelligent questions, such as hours of work, salary, chances of promotion, and whether night studies are recommended.

And finally—a smiling face will usually win the toss if you've scored evenly with someone else. Most people like to have cheerful faces around them.

TEEN FUN



"It's Daddy's idea of a joke."



"Roland's a very good loser."



"I made the mistake of saying 'Don't know what to do with myself' in front of my father."



"It was decided to meet every Thursday, unless a quorum of members has dates."



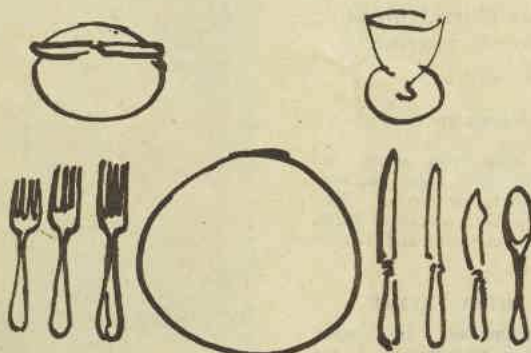
Simple guide to TABLE MANNERS

● Good manners are as important as good grooming and good behaviour. But sometimes they're neglected, and when they are the first thing that suffers is table manners.

SO, this week, and for the next few weeks, we will show you some of the basic rules for good manners and good sense at the dinner table.

The following set of rules comes from "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers." Tiffany's is a world-famous New York store, and their interest in attractive tables set with good china, glass, and silverware makes them aware of the importance of good table manners.

● Let's get straight which fork or knife to use. You take the piece on the outside first. Some people arrange silver by size, so you have to learn to tell a fish knife from a meat knife, and a fish fork from a meat fork. If there is no fish knife and fork, use the smaller knife and fork for the fish. If you make a mistake, just continue eating. Don't put the silver back on the table.

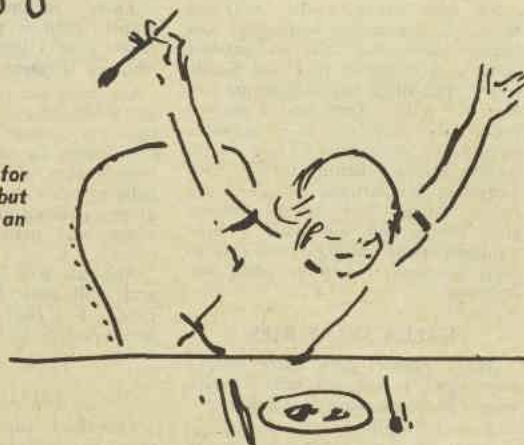


● It is customary for the young man to help the young lady on his right to be seated. When you've both been seated don't look round like a startled beetle. Turn directly to the young lady on your right and start talking.



● The place for the napkin is on the lap. Don't tie it around your neck or stick it in your belt.

● You don't have to wait for your hostess to start eating, but don't leap at your food like an Irish wolfhound.



● When serving yourself, take small portions. If you don't like what is served, it is permissible to refuse it. But don't find yourself with nothing on your plate. If you do, your hostess may remark on it, which might be embarrassing for you.



● The fish or meat will be served to you on your left side. Take the serving fork in your left hand and serving spoon in your right. After you've served yourself, place serving spoon and fork side by side on the platter.



NEXT WEEK:

How to eat soup

Debbie's HAWAIIAN PARTY

CREATE a tropical mood at YOUR next party. Greet your guests with leis made from flowers from the garden and have a stack of Hawaiian music on the record-player.

Decorations can be simple, but effective — piles of fruit on wooden platters, shallow bowls laden with frangipani or hibiscus, and palm tree fronds—on the table, everywhere.

And dress? Boys in colorful Hawaiian shirts, shorts, and barefooted. Girls—the muu-muu is perfect.

MAIA ISLAND DESSERT

Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 or 3 mashed bananas, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped and sweetened), few rings crystallised pineapple.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and spice. Cream butter with sugar and lemon juice and beat in mashed bananas and lemon rind and finally eggs. Add sifted dry ingredients and then the milk. Turn into 2 greased nutroll tins and bake in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Leave in tin a few minutes before turning out. Leave in an airtight tin 24 hours before using. Just before serving slice thinly and top with a little whipped cream and a piece of crystallised pineapple, or serve plain and buttered.

KALUA SPARE RIBS

Three pounds pork spare ribs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 recipe ginger barbecue sauce (see below).

Rub ribs on both sides with sugar and salt, let stand 2 hours. Brush with sauce and let stand at least 1 hour. Place ribs meat side up on a rack in shallow pan. Bake in a very hot oven for 15 minutes. Pour off fat, reduce heat to moderate, and bake further 1 hour or until done, turning ribs and brushing frequently with sauce. Serve cut into pieces.

Ginger Barbecue Sauce: Half cup soy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ketchup or spicy tomato sauce, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons grated ginger or 2 teaspoons dry ginger, pinch monosodium glutamate.

Mix ingredients together and let stand overnight before using.

PINEAPPLE PARADISE

Six small even-shaped pineapples, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup iced water, straws.

Remove leaves and top section of each pineapple, so forming lids. With a sharp knife and spoon carefully scoop out all the pineapple pulp, being careful not to cut shells. Rub pineapple pulp through a strainer to

extract the juice or place in an electric blender.

Combine juice with sugar and water and stir until sugar dissolves. Chill until just before serving. Pour pineapple juice into pineapple shells, place a straw in each, and replace tops.

TIKI FRUIT FREEZE

Three rockmelons, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white grapes, pulp 6 passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, juice 1 lemon, 1 small papaw, whipped sweetened cream.

Carefully cut rockmelons in halves and scoop out pulp with a small melon baller or remove pulp and cut into small cubes. Be careful not to damage outside skin of fruit. Place melon balls or cubes in a bowl, add washed grapes, passionfruit pulp, lemon juice, sugar, and papaw (cut into small cubes).

Mix all well together and cover and chill until just before serving-time. Fill fruit back into the six melon halves and top with a dollop of cream. Serve.

LUAU PUNCH

One-third cup sugar, 1-3rd cup water, 6 whole cloves, 4 in. stick cinnamon, 3 cups tinned pineapple-orange juice, 1 bottle ginger ale (chilled), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, ice-cubes.

Combine sugar, water, and spices in saucepan, simmer (covered) 5 minutes, cool, and strain. Combine with pineapple and orange juice and lemon juice, chill. At serving-time pour over ice-cubes in punch bowl or pitcher, and last minute pour ginger ale carefully down side.

PAPEETE FRUIT BOWL

One large tin pineapple pieces, 4 bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cherries, 2 red apples, 4 mandarins, 1 large grapefruit, 1 cup shredded coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet sherry or fruit juice, mint sprigs.

Combine in bowl the pineapple pieces, sliced bananas, washed cherries, chopped apples (leave red skin on), mandarin sections, grapefruit sections; mix well. Combine coconut with sherry or fruit juice and mix into fruit salad. Chill well and just before serving top with mint.



● *There's nothing quite like an outdoor party on a warm summer night. And there's nothing like a summer night to make people dream of the lure of the South Sea Islands. So Debbie, our teenage chef, has dreamed up a mouth-watering collection of Hawaiian dishes that are made with a minimum of fuss.*

CRICKET'S LEMONADE

Juice of six fresh lemons (freshly squeezed), 6 teaspoons sugar (or more according to taste), iced soda water or just plain water, ice-cubes.

Combine lemon juice and sugar and stir until sugar dissolves. Pour into six glasses and top with iced water or soda water and add a few ice-cubes to each.

To the basic lemonade add any of the following:

Substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of raspberry syrup for the sugar.

Add 1 cup grape juice to the basic lemonade.

Add chilled apple juice in place of the water or soda water.

Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cherry syrup in place of the sugar.

Substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blackberry syrup for the sugar.

WIKIWIKI CHICKEN CURRY

One large pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons curry powder (or more according to taste), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced or finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock, 2 tablespoons cornflour blended with 3 tablespoons water or extra chicken stock, 2 cups cubed cooked chicken, pinch monosodium glutamate (optional), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Leaving green crown intact, cut pineapple in half lengthwise. Scoop out fruit, leaving shell about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Dice 1 cup pineapple (discard core). Combine pineapple with sugar and water and cook (covered) about 10 minutes, drain, and set aside. Just before cooking curry sauce, heat pineapple shells in hot oven for about 10 minutes.

Brown curry powder lightly in heated butter in saucepan, add onion, celery, and mushrooms and mix thoroughly. Stir in cream, milk, and stock and bring to the boil. Remove saucepan from heat and stir in the blended cornflour and water gradually. Return to heat and stir until sauce thickens. Add chicken, pineapple, and seasonings and reheat thoroughly. Pile into hot pineapple shells and serve. Pass curry condiments, such as flaked coconut, mango chutney, and chopped salted peanuts, around to your guests.

ATTRACTIVE table of Hawaiian foods, which include Papeete fruit bowl, pineapple paradise, cricket's lemonade, Kalua spare ribs, and various small bowls of mixed nuts and cheese nibbles.

SEAFOOD PAGODAS

One large tin tuna (shredded and well drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely sliced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup salad dressing or mayonnaise, 1 ripe medium avocado, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon juice, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons olives (sliced), 10 slices tinned pineapple, 5 large strawberries, lettuce.

Combine tuna with the chopped walnuts, celery, red pepper; season with salt and bind together with salad dressing or mayonnaise. Chill. Mash avocado with a stainless-steel fork, mix with lemon juice and extra salt.

Stir in sliced olives and chill until just before serving-time. Carefully slice pineapple rings in halves crosswise. Arrange 5 of the rings in crisp lettuce, spread with tuna mixture. Stack on 5 more pineapple rings and top with avocado mixture. Top each with another pineapple ring, anchor with cocktail sticks. Place a strawberry in centre of each and serve at once.

HAWAIIAN PRAWN SALAD

One and a half pounds prawns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Italian or other salad dressing, 1 cup sliced celery, 1-3rd cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 3 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), 1 lettuce, lemon wedges and parsley to garnish.

Shell prawns and mix with dressing, allow to stand (covered), stirring occasionally until just before serving time. Then drain and mix with the celery, mayonnaise, and season with salt and pepper. Carefully fold in egg slices. Arrange in lettuce-lined bowl. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

HAWAIIAN FISH CHOWDER

One-quarter pound salt pork, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced raw fish, 2 cups sliced potatoes, 1 cup finely chopped onion, 2 cups boiling water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, pepper, 1 cup milk.

Select a strong-flavored fish for chowder, cut into cubes. Cut salt pork into pieces about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick and fry until crisp; remove from pan and add fish pieces, potatoes, and onions, season with salt and add water. Simmer gently until potatoes are tender. Add milk, season if desired with a little more salt and pepper. Serve hot with crisp cheese-flavored biscuits.

MAIA HOOMO'A

Six large bananas, 1 large orange (peeled and cut into sections), 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Peel and cut bananas lengthwise and place them in a lightly greased casserole dish. Arrange orange sections on top of bananas, sprinkle over sugar. Add the lemon and orange juice and bake in a moderately slow oven for 45 minutes. Serve either hot or cold.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Ask him home

"A BOY I know smiles at me when I walk past so I smile back to him. I am 16 and so is he. How can I get to know him better? He tells his friends that he likes me. At the baths the other night he held my hand and then offered to take me home, but I refused. I told him I was sorry, but I couldn't do it without mother knowing. Did I do wrong?"

"Sixteen," N.S.W.

No. I think you should ask him home one night to listen to records or the radio or have a cool drink or something — anything so you can introduce him to your mother. He'll know then that you would like to know him better and that you are helping him over the hurdle of getting your mother's permission.

Cold water

"ONE Sunday I went swimming with a boy of 16 with whom I am very much in love. (I am 16, too.) Other people came with us, but I don't think he spoke two words to me all day. He used to ring me up every night before that, but now he rings up every blue moon. I found out he was going around with another girl much younger than himself, but I can't do anything about it. I know this girl from friends who told me about her. She is not a nice type at all. This boy knows how I feel about him, but it does not help. His boy-friend asked me to go with him, but I only like him as a friend. I thought if I did go out with him, the other boy might get jealous, but he didn't. What should I do?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Get yourself another boy. This one couldn't care less about you any more. Anything you do no longer concerns him. It wouldn't matter if you won a beauty contest or became engaged to the Prince of Yankipoo, he's just not interested in you any more.

Don't kid yourself about this new girl of his not being a nice type. Obviously she is the type he likes and he used to like you, so you probably are both something the same.

Getting the brush-off is unpleasant for any woman, but you must learn to take it as well as possible. Being catty and talking about the girl who has taken your place doesn't make you attractive to other boys.

Boy likes girl

"HAVE you a solution to my problem of being 15, 4' 2", and not at all good-looking? I'm very friendly with a 15-year-old boy, kind and adorable. We caught the same bus to and from school, and almost every day we talked and laughed together. When I happened to meet him one day, he invited me to join his party, and we had loads of fun. Now he's going back to school and I'm going to business college. I'm still in love with him, and will miss him awfully.

Does he like me? And would it be improper to send him a Christmas card?"

"Burra," N.S.W.

He does like you. Send him a New Year card, now, if you didn't send him that Christmas card.

Serious—or not?

"I AM a very confused girl. I am 18, and four months ago I had a blind date with a soldier who turned out a very nice boy. We were going together and after only two weeks of this he got so serious I broke it off. Last week I wrote and told him I was sorry and that I wanted to go back with him. He said that he still loves me, but I heard there was a girl from his home town writing to him. He said she is just a friend. Should I try to find out if this is true and believe him or not? Also he does not drink or smoke."

"Confused," Tas.

There would be something the matter with any soldier who didn't have a girl from his home town writing to him. She probably is just a friend with hopes.

You now are more than a friend, but apparently you don't want your soldier boy to be too serious. I think you are right, but when you wrote and said you wanted him back I think you told him wordlessly that you were prepared to be serious.

You can't have things both ways. You can have him as a casual boy-friend, share him, ask no questions about his other friend; or you can settle down to a serious romance, view mat., apparently. It's up to you. You must make up your own mind and stick to your decision. Don't fool the poor young man about any more.

Interest lacking

"I AM in love with a boy. I am friends with him and see him twice a week at the pictures. Most of the time I am sitting in the pictures and he comes and sits either behind or in front of me. He doesn't take an extreme amount of interest in me and this worries me because I love him so. Should I go out with other boys and try to forget him or should I try to make him notice me as more than a friend?"

"Puzzled," Vic.

Go out with other boys.

Stay at school

"I AM a 15-year-old girl attending high school, just finished fourth year. I'm worried, for I just haven't the will to work. I know that everything depends upon my education, but still can't be bothered. I was going to leave, but the headmaster advised me to stay. He said it was a great shame to leave, having the ability to get a Leaving Certificate. Should I continue and try, or leave and establish myself as a hairdresser or something else that I would like? I feel I may fail in the Leaving and an extra year's schooling is to no avail, and that if I left now I would establish myself in a career or some walk of life. What do you think I should do?"

"Woe," W.A.

Stay at school and get your Leaving Certificate. Nowadays the Leaving is the key that opens so many doors. It's a shame, when you are so close to it, not to get it.

I know that at the moment you have no intention of taking up a career that would involve you in university work or something that may only be available to holders of the Leaving. But you will find that your ideas change very quickly as you are growing up, and at 17 you might want desperately to do something that lack of a Leaving would stop.

That can't-be-bothered feeling is ghastly and there is nothing you can do about it. You just have to flog yourself to work.

All that I can say to help you is that when you get a job, there are days when you will feel exactly the same. But it is just too bad about the way you feel. You've got to do your day's work, or before you know where you are you are out of a job. This, and getting your pay envelope each

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



REJUVENATE your tin wastepaper basket in minutes.

Clean it thoroughly and add a coat of bright paint.

Collect all the old stamps around the house and steam off the envelopes. Glue them to the basket with plastic cement, and there you are.

If you're mad about the look of it paint it over with clear lacquer to preserve it.

week, helps you to do a good day's work.

If you stay at school, your pay envelope for the year is your Leaving Certificate. It is a gold-plated pay envelope, real money in the bank if you get it — something that will benefit you all your life. Don't let it slip through your fingers.

Smoking at 17

"FOR the past year and a half I have been enjoying a habit common to millions of people — smoking. I am 17, I only smoke when I feel like a cigarette, which is usually after my lunch or dinner, and always after a swim, and I do not chain-smoke when I am with my boy-friends. I'm a boy myself. My trouble is that my mother is determined to make me give it up. Mum smokes, too. I do not steal her cigarettes and I am a light smoker, only going through a large packet a week. I receive 8/- a week pocket-money, 3/- of which is spent on smokes. I don't support a girl-friend, thus I can save easily. Could you please give me your opinion on smoking at 17 and the amount of money which should be spent on a girl-friend?"

"No Cigar," N.S.W.

I think it is a bad idea to smoke. It is unhealthy and expensive, and it is no longer smart to smoke. If you're on the beam you don't. (You could tell your mother this, too.)

As an ex-smoker, I can tell you this business of having only a packet a week won't last long; soon you'll have all the habits you mentioned and be a big-packet-a-day man at least. Get wise, give it up.

About girl-friends: How much you spend on one depends on your income. What do you use that 8/- on besides cigarettes? Five shillings is enough to take a girl for a swim and have a milkshake or something. If you want to take her out in the evening, a couple of weeks' saving would give you enough to go to the flicks.

There are lots of inexpensive outings you can enjoy with a girl-friend. A long walk can be just heaven with the right person.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



"I do like you, Ronald. It's just that you've been a chapter in my life and I think it's time I wrote a new one."

Take a stand for beauty

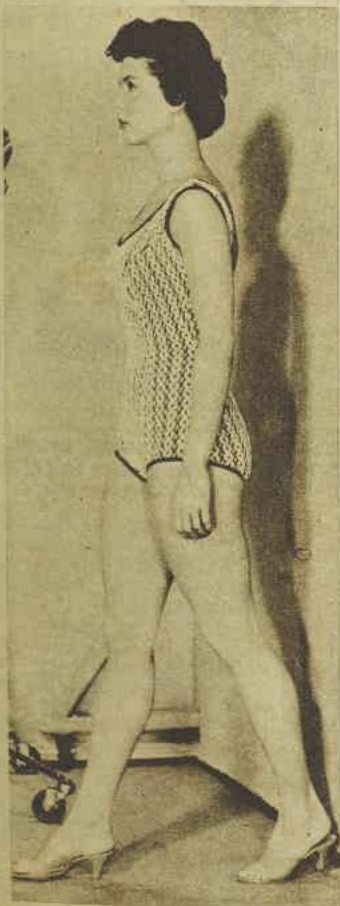
THE TIME . . . Morning and evening, just five minutes each.

THE PLACE . . . Your own bedroom with a blank wall.

THE GIRL . . . You with a slump that spoils your figure.

RESULT . . . Presto! A tiny waist, high bust, flat stomach, and lots more grace.

By Carolyn Earle



HERE'S a quick and easy way to cure a slump — a figure fault that teenagers, and the mothers of young girls, often ask advice about. No girl, slender or not, can afford to skip this one.

First, stand erect, heels, calves, hips, and head touching the wall. Draw the head up, holding it level, and force your back at the shoulders tight to the wall. At the same time pretend you have two strings tied to your chest and pull the ribs away from hips. Tuck the hips down and under, and pull the stomach in as much as you can manage.

Got all that quite clear? Now you know how correct posture feels, although everything's a bit exaggerated. Repeat five times from start to finish.

Next, get all lined up and walk around the room (picture left), holding that correct posture as long as you can. Relax, then repeat the whole movement.

This is one of the tested methods by which model-girls and Hollywood starlets are taught to stand and walk with poise and grace. It lasts them a lifetime and will last you, too.

The great thing, of course, is to turn the exercise routine into a successful habit; to do so you need to set aside a definite time each day—morning and evening are good times, 10 minutes in all.

THINK about what you're doing all the time; feel the pull of muscles and get with them. If you happen to feel a bit stiff at first, go through the movements as far as comfort permits — concentrating on that upward pull—until you can breeze through the routine you've set yourself easily and correctly.

According to the experts, the quickest way for a teenager to acquire a zigzag build is to cultivate any one of these postural positions:

Standing limp as a rag with shoulders dropped, chest deflated.

Shifting body weight to one leg when standing.

Slumping in an easy chair with weight on the back of the neck when reading.

Sitting with knees crossed, all weight on one hip.

Sitting curled up like a paper-clip with one leg tucked under you.

BEAUTY IS ONLY (THIN) SKIN DEEP!

● Being married to a glamor girl is not the unalloyed delight oglers imagine.

AUSTRALIAN-BORN actor Ron Randell, who recently said this, should know.

His wife is Javanese-German actress-dancer Laya Raki, a glamor girl of the first water (or, in the case of Miss Raki's robes, the first tauter!).

Mr. Randell, of course, should also know that being engaged to, or even just the casual date of, a real lovely is equally no picnic.

It's strange, y'know, but true—boys don't really enjoy going out with gorgeous gals. For, while they are lovely to look at, they are also liabilities.

Mr. Randell's main complaints seem to be that glamor girls' loveliness costs their husbands time (waiting for them to make-up and dress) and money (for expensive clothes to match their beauty).

He doesn't, however, mention the most important problem—other fellers!

Your glamor date might only have eyes for you, but hundreds of other fellows have their eyes on her. The boy doesn't have many laughs—when most of the time he's scowling at oglers.

At the beach there's an increased risk of being dumped; at a barbecue other blokes have irons in the fire. And at dances—well, that's the unkindest cut-in of all.

Of course, there appears to be an obvious answer to this problem I've outlined—go out, fellers, with more homely girls.

But is it the answer? Not really. You see, when a bloke's a swain to one of the plain he ogles some other boy's exotic lass.

He kicks himself that he's not with the delectable doll, her outraged escort wants to kick in the ogler's teeth — and the jealous plainer girl kicks her man under the table for kicking over the traces!

Oh, well. At least, you can't say there aren't any kicks in life!

I ALSO read that the first-ever Australian all-women's motor race was recently held in Sydney.

Why it caused quite a stir I don't know—after all, cuties and cars have always had a lot in common.

Good models of each type have commendable chassis and bodies.

Both girls and cars require paint jobs to enhance their appearances. Both are also expensive to run.

And don't girls like to be king-pins? But I won't, of course, mention the delicate matter of spare tyres!

I seem to recollect, too, that some girls have a saying, "There's no fuel like an old fuel."

And what girl objects to, now and again, having a clutch?

You still don't see girls and cars by my standards (or, perhaps, supers)?

Oh, heck, what's the diff . . . !

—Robin Asclair

ART THROUGH THE AGES

by Douglas Watson

Form and solidity

14. NEO-CLASSICISM (18th century).

THE foremost painter of the Neo-Classical (new classical) school was a Frenchman, Jean Dominique Ingres (pronounced An-gr).

Ingres was trained in the studios of Louis David, a follower of the classical tradition. David painted subjects such as "The Crowning of Napoleon" and "The Oath of Horatio."

A sound craftsman and fine portrait painter, David left no trace of brushwork — his pictures have an almost enamel-like finish.

In 1806 Ingres won a scholarship—the Prix de Rome (Prize of Rome)—and this entitled him to two years' study in Italy. He remained there until 1824.

The influence of Raphael and classical Greek vases dominated him throughout this period.

A slow worker with infinite patience, Ingres left nothing to chance. Classical compositions were coldly calculated and evolved. By his careful study of

Raphael he mastered form and solidity.

The decorative drawings on Greek vases with their accuracy and fluency of line all contributed to the development of this artist.

The portrait at right, "Mademoiselle Riviere," painted when Ingres was only 23, shows his early maturity. This portrait is sympathetic, yet coldly impersonal. Note the infinite attention to detail.

The portrait drawings which Ingres drew all his life are superb examples of sensitive draughtsmanship and economy of line. All his paintings were done from such drawings, and his portraits often took several years to complete.

When he was getting on in years Ingres said: "Expression in painting demands a very great knowledge of drawing, for the expression cannot be good if it has not been formulated with absolute justness."

In these words he recorded an attitude of absolute honesty.

NEXT WEEK: English romantic school.



"MADEMOISELLE RIVIERE," by Jean Ingres. The Louvre, Paris.

TEENA[®] by Linda Terry



LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

The Twist expected to rock Rock

• With the arrival of Chubby Checker to tour Australia later this month, the Twist is likely to be the biggest thing to hit the local scene since Bill Haley started the Rock rolling in the 'fifties.

CHUBBY is the boy who invented the dance craze which has swept America in the past few months and is now spreading worldwide.

The big question is — will the Twist catch on in Australia? "Yes," says TV personality Brian Henderson. "I'm positive it will be big. That's why we're giving it a lot of time on 'Bandstand'."

"I feel it's the only dance craze since the cha-cha to have any chance of catching on in Australia."

"Yes," says disc jockey Bob Rodgers. "Especially after Chubby Checker's visit has given it a boost."

Sweeping America

Disc jockeys John Laws and Ken Sparks both like the Twist. John says he'll be playing plenty of it, but isn't too sure that it will be as big here as in America.

Ken says, "People are desperately looking for something to take the place of rock-n-roll. But the Twist is pretty strenuous — Chubby told me that he lost about a stone in weight doing it on stage."

Already in the States the fun is on for young and old, with Jackie Kennedy introducing the Twist into the White House, editorials being written saying that it's going to bridge the gulf between young and adult taste created by Rock, Twist nightclubs being opened, and a flood of Twist discs.

For weeks now — the first time for years — the word "Rock" has hardly appeared in the titles on the American charts.

But there are plenty of "Twists," with Chubby Checker's original "The Twist" moving up again toward its number one position of over a year ago and his "Let's Twist Again" chasing it.

Another early U.S. Twist chart entry is Joey Dee and The Starliners' "The Peppermint Twist."

Twist LPs, EPs, and singles

are coming from adult hotel-style bands (Lester Lanin has "Twistin' In High Society"), teenage favorites (Jimmy Clanton with "Twist On, Little Girl"), and Bill Black's Combo ("Twist-her").

Santo and Johnny crashed the Christmas market with "Twistin' Bells," there's a "Twist With the Ventures" LP, Danny and The Juniors have "Twistin' All Night Long," and The Goodtimers, a newish group, have even managed a double-sided Twist disc, "Twistin' Train" — "It's Twistin' Time."

The Marcells have a "Merry Twist-mas," and Gary (U.S.) Bonds has a "Dear Lady Twist."

The Twist has even gone Hawaiian, with the Reg Owens Orchestra doing "The Hula Twist," and Latin-American, with Billy Vaughn's "Everybody's Twistin' Down in Mexico."

There's a "Do the Twist With Ray Charles" LP, and Count Basie's forsaken his big, polished band sound for a "Basic Twist."

In England, and France, too, the Twist craze is rapidly spreading.

Adult interest

It's even suggested that the enthusiastic adult adoption of the Twist could lead to an adult interest in teenage singers and music.

In Australia Chubby's "The Twist," a single, and his LP "Twist With Chubby Checker" are available on the H.M.V. label. As well, there's The Twisters' "Peppermint Twist Time" on a new W and G single.

Other singles with the Twist beat, but not twist names, are two from R.C.A. — Barry Richards' "What Are You, Some Kind Of Nut?" and "The Pretzel," from The Sweet Sixteens.

Pops: "Little Miss U.S.A." (Ampar 45) is the girl for Barry Mann. But comparative newcomer Barry is going to be the dream boy for lots of Australian girls. He's got a real teen song here, and gives it the real



JOHNNY HIGH, who will comper the Twist Spectacular.

IF you're looking for an LP that isn't going to date and one you won't get tired of, R.C.A. has just the thing. It has the lovely title of "Moon, Wind and Stars," and on it the highly accomplished Morton Gould Orchestra plays such timeless charmers as "Estrellita," the first movement of "Moonlight Sonata," and Kreisler's "Stars In My Eyes," together with mood music from various sources.

DURING the past 18 months movie themes, one after the other, have become top-selling singles. Now two LPs, "The Sound of Hollywood" (The Medallion Strings, on London) and "Music From Exodus And Other Great Themes" (Mantovani, on Decca), both offer an outstanding selection. Both have the themes from "The Sundowners" and "A Summer Place," as well as "The Green Leaves of Summer."

In addition the London disc offers, among others, "Spellbound" and "Midnight Lace," and the Decca disc "I Love Paris" and "The Sound of Music."

AS a showcase for the quite remarkable talents of little old Miss Brenda Lee, it would be hard to beat "All The Way," her fourth LP for Festival. She sings sweet ("Eventually"), loud, cute, and even jazzy ("Speak To Me Pretty"). There's "Dum Dum," too, and "On The Sunny Side Of The Street."

JOHNNY HIGH, who will comper the Twist Spectacular.

Young comper for Twist show

• One of the youngest, and most successful, teen-show comperes in the business will be in charge of this month's Twist Spectacular starring Chubby Checker, Bobby Rydell, and Del Shannon.

HE is Johnny High, 20, of Cremorne, Sydney.

Previous shows he has compered have starred Pat Boone, the Everly Brothers, Ricky Nelson, Connie Francis, and Brenda Lee.

"It all started way back in school," Johnny said. "I'd always had a yen for theatricals, even when I was in primary school. After attending a teenage radio show for a while I won a scholarship to a dramatic school."

During his last year at high school he saw an advertisement for a job with a radio station. Instead of going to school he applied for the job, got it, and rang his parents to tell them he was now a working man.

"They weren't too happy about it at first," Johnny said, "but they knew that show business was my first love, and this was, perhaps, an opening."

After six weeks as an office

junior he became a panel operator.

"Then one night I was helping to put over a programme sponsored by Lee Gordon," he said.

"The disc jockey arranged some gimmick commercials, using my voice."

"When Lee Gordon heard them he rang the station and offered me the job of doing all his commercials and compering his Big Shows."

Johnny believes that the essence of a good comper is to keep things moving. He doesn't tell jokes — "they don't go down well with teenagers" — he just talks in a conversational voice about the show and to the audience.

Of all the stars he has met, Johnny's favorites are Pat Boone and Harry Belafonte.

"Pat Boone is a really first-class entertainer and he's a real gentleman, polite and courteous to everyone he meets. Belafonte is the greatest — a worldly wise, understanding man, and a wonderful artist."

From working as a panel operator, Johnny has now graduated to a news-reporting job with another radio station.

"It's an exciting job," he said, "and the thing I like most about it is that there's something different happening each day."

His ambitions? "I'd like to comper a teenage show on TV once a week and I'm really interested in starting a radio programme for the summer surfing crowd."

WORTH HEARING

BALLET FAVORITES

BALLET fans will welcome a handsomely produced new two-disc set featuring extracts from the most popular ballets in the repertoire of the Royal Ballet.

The music is played by the Royal Opera House Orchestra under Ernest Ansermet, the veteran Swiss conductor whose experience as a ballet conductor goes back to the great days of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet.

Others who are not necessarily ballet fans but like melodious and attractive music will also find plenty to enjoy in the selected movements from three Tchaikovsky ballets ("Nutcracker," "Swan Lake," "Sleeping Beauty"), Rossini's "Boutique Fantasque," Delibes' "Coppelia," Schumann's "Carnaval," Adam's "Giselle," and "Les Sylphides" (adapted from Chopin).

This R.C.A. release is accompanied by a 24-page illustrated booklet giving the stories of the ballets.

— Martin Long



Twister returns

CHUBBY CHECKER, the American colored boy who put the current dance craze, *The Twist*, on the map, is booked to tour Australia again this month for Lee Gordon. With him will be popular young American singer Bobby Rydell, seen with Chubby, above, during the recording of their recent LP featuring "Jingle Bell Rock." Chubby has three discs at present on the Cash Box Top 100 in America, with "The Twist" heading for the top. At left, Chubby is with Australia's top rocker Col Joye during his tour last year.

Monica Sterling's own story

as told to GWEN DAVENPORT

IT is profoundly unsettling to find myself a world celebrity for no reason except that I am not dead. I dislike publicity; I hate to be photographed. I would rather the twelve terrible years had never happened. I wish they could be forgotten. Ever since we returned, Jeff and I, nearly two years ago, I have been asked so many questions, by so many different people, that I have decided to tell the story of our unique experience. In this story I hope to answer all the questions, so that from now on I won't have to talk about it.

Not long ago I saw in a newspaper that some woman had been elected American Mother of the Year. She had helped her husband on the farm, taught at Sunday school, raised six children and sent them all to college, baked bread, and canned her own fruit. I don't say what she did was easy or commonplace. But she had a husband, teachers, libraries, markets, a comfortable house—everything.

All I did was raise one boy to the age of 12. But I had no book, no pencil, or paper, no other person or thing to help me. Everything Jeff learned, from the time he was born until he was 12, was what I already had in my own head — plus what he found out for himself, of course; such as that sharks bite and fire burns and water drowns and birds fly and plants grow and we can see the stars at night.

It was I who told him they are still there in the daytime and they all have names. Just as it was I who told him the earth is round and not flat. It looked flat as the back of your hand from where we were, on a coral atoll ten feet above sea level, the interminable Pacific stretching just as far as we could see whichever way we looked.

I remembered once having been told that the horizon is always at eye level, even from an aeroplane, so I was able to explain this, and Jeff climbed the tallest coconut palm to see for himself.

Most people, asking about the island, want to know what we ate and what we wore and whether there were headhunters—things like that. It is so long since I gave much thought to food and clothes that I am always surprised people find these things interesting. I never had to decide what to wear or what we'd have for dinner.

We always had the same things to eat: whatever there was. Usually it was fish, coconut milk, breadfruit, bananas, an occasional egg. I got so I didn't even miss grilled steaks or strawberry shortcake. Twelve years may seem a long time to be without chicken salad; but, believe me, it is longer to be without companionship, without news, without a book or a pack of cards, without the simplest household necessity.

Once, to pass time, I tried to count all the objects I had had in my house at home that were considered necessary. I started with my workbasket — probably because at that moment I'd have given anything for a pair of scissors — counting first the basket itself, then the needles, pins, thimble, pincushion, spools of thread, elastic, and so on.

Perhaps I left out something essential; but without counting each individual button and hook-and-eye as a separate object there were ninety. In my desk there were fifty-four, and again I wasn't counting every rubber band and sheet of paper as a separate article — let alone the cancelled cheques and filed letters.

In my imagination I went through the medicine cabinet, closets, kitchen cupboards, tool chest, and dressing-table drawers. I figured out that to every civilised woman there accrue between four and five thousand possessions, large as a house or small as a thumb-tack, she considers necessary to maintain a minimally decent standard of living.

I did count each sheet separately, and every knife and spoon, but allowed for only a dozen of a kind. Of books I counted three hundred, and of pictures thirty-five; of snapshots certainly several hundred.

On the island the objects I had brought with me were four: the raft that saved our lives, my wedding and engagements rings, and my wristwatch. The watch had stopped at twenty minutes to four, and it amused me to think that twice every twenty-four hours it was right. In a sense, though, it was always right, for time as I knew it had stopped for me the moment the watch did, the moment the plane fell.

To page 28

Two dark-skinned men holding spears looked down at Monica as she clasped her baby in her arms.



Illustrated by

John Miller



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Continuing... MONICA STERLING'S OWN STORY

from page 27

It was early May in nineteen
forty-seven. I don't know why
the plane went down. It plum-
meted into the ocean where the
water was empty of mapped
land, somewhere between Wake
and Guam, north of the Caro-
line Islands. I was on my way,
with our newborn baby, to join
Peter, my husband, on Guam.
We had thought it better I
have the baby in the United
States. I wish now I had gone
with Peter and had the baby
out there, especially when I
think of our two reasons for
doing as we did—my comfort
and the baby's chance for sur-
vival!

The stewardess helped me
with the lifebelt the minute
the plane hit, and the man who
had been sitting next to me—a
young Filipino who spoke halt-
ing but precise and grammati-
cal English—pushed me to the
door with the baby, so that we
got out first. He was the last
person to whom I spoke. I
said, "Thank you." The water
was already rushing in at the
open door, and I don't know if
anyone followed me through.

THE pilot, or some-
one, must have managed to
launch the life raft, because it
was the first thing I saw, bob-
bing around, after I surfaced.
I grabbed it and held on, think-
ing someone would join
me to whom I could hand the
baby.

The raft floated in such a
way that I could not see the
wrecked plane, and it must
have been fifteen minutes or so
before I realised no one was
going to come. Then I was
seized with the most overpow-
ering panic. I managed to inch
along the edge of the raft, hold-
ing the squalling baby out of
the water, until I could see the
plane.

It was gone. A film of oil
glistened where the slanting
sun struck the water about a
hundred feet away. There was
nothing else.

I clung to that raft while
thoughts followed each other
through my head; I certainly
wasn't consciously thinking.
Should I hold on until I let
go and we drowned? Or should
I try to climb up on the raft
and die later of exposure and
starvation?

Possibly the pilot had radioed
his position not long before the
crash. How many hours would
it be before we were overdue
and a search was started? By
that time, how far would the
raft have drifted from the
scene of the wreck? Already I
could feel we were being car-
ried away from it. In a few
minutes I couldn't even see the
film of oil on the water.

In the end, instinct prompted
me to heave the baby on to the
raft and climb up after him. I
had long since let go my hand-
bag, and now I had to take
off the lifebelt to get up on
the raft. We lay there, dripping,
while the raft heaved and
rocked with the waves and the
red sun sank into the sea. I
had a sprained ankle and was
pretty well banged up, but the
baby seemed to be all right.

The night was moonless, and
the stars were not in their
courses as I knew them. There
were some dried and packaged
foods on the raft and a canteen
of stale water; but our clothes
had not dried out, and we were
cold. We were both seaisick, too.
I think Jeff had swallowed a
lot of salt water.

Next day I saw the coconut
trees about noon. By then our
clothes were dry and we were
burning hot. I was keeping the
sun off the baby with my body,
but all I could do to protect
myself was put the jacket of my
suit over my head. I think I
had a fever. I know I watched
that line of trees bend and
shimmer, approach and retreat,
waver and grow straight again,
through the long afternoon.

I couldn't tell how far off
they were or whether we were
going to drift right past them
and see them disappear in the
distance. I got an oar that was
fastened to the inner rim of the
raft and tried to control our
direction; but I couldn't tell if
my efforts were having the
slightest effect against the forces
of wind and current.

There must have been some
natural, irresistible pull of the
sea that helped direct the float-
ing raft to where the waves
broke against the land, because
at sunset we came to the island.

It was small, about half a
mile long and half as wide.
There was a broad lagoon in-
side the reef on one side; on
the other was a beach, behind
which the coconut trees caught
the force of ceaseless wind. In
time I came to know every
foot of the island as intimately
as a suburban gardener knows
his plot of land.

At first, of course, I simply
saved the raft and what was
left of the supplies and crawled
up the sand to the edge of the
forest to find shelter for the
night. In spite of the throbbing
pain in my ankle, I slept.

When I awoke with the first
light, it was to see two dark-
skinned men standing up against
the sky. They were holding
spears and looking down on us
silently. They were nothing but
a kind of G-string made of
coconut fibre.

In the course of the next
twelve years these two, with

me and held me hidden in the
undergrowth until the sound of
the plane had receded into the
distance.

They wanted no Japanese on
their island. That day marked
the lowest ebb of my morale.
I know it was stupid of me,
since I was dependent on their
goodwill; but for all the years
after that I hated those men.

My story is not unique, how-
ever, because I survived on the
island. Many shipwrecked
people have done that, with
and without the help of
native inhabitants, and there
are undoubtedly some who
have survived but have never
been found or heard of again.
The interesting part of my
story is my son.

If time had stopped for me
when the plane fell, for Jeff it
was just beginning. I watched
him grow, get his first teeth,
begin to crawl, then to walk;
then he could say, "Now I lay
me." He had a playmate, a
little black girl his own age.
He lived exactly as she did.

But I knew I could not let
him grow up as she would.
Some day, I thought, he would
be found, or he would contrive
to get away. Long before that
happened, perhaps, we would
both have been declared offici-
ally dead and his father would
have married again.

When Jeff went back to the
world, probably he would have
a family—his father, half-
brothers and sisters, a step-
mother. I had to assume that
he would go back, and I had
to educate him for it.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



their wives and children, were
the only human beings we
saw. At the end of six months,
I could converse with them in
their own language; it is a
primitive one, with no declen-
sions or inflections and no
nuances. I learned they had
deliberately left their native
island a few years ago, when
it was occupied by the
Japanese, and had moved to
this uncharted spit of land that
no foreigners wanted to bother
with.

There was enough food for
them—they had brought some
plants and seeds. They had
two boats, some spears, a few
utensils. What they would do
when these eventually wore out
they had not thought. Others
who had fled their home with
them had not survived the long
journey over the open sea in
crude boats.

These people saved Jeff and
me, by feeding us and later
showing me how to get food
myself. They helped me build
the shelter that became our
home. But at the same time
they were responsible for our
not being found by the rescue
plane that came looking for
survivors from the wreck.

On the second day I heard
and saw an aeroplane circling
overhead; but when I started
to drag myself to the reef, to
wave and shout where I could
be plainly seen, they grabbed

So when I thought it was
time I started our school.
Vahia, the little black girl, fol-
lowed the same schedule, mak-
ing it easier for us to adhere
to it. I knew I must keep to it
rigidly or not at all, and it
required every ounce of will-
power I had.

One is tempted on a tropic
isle, in the heat and the wind
and the loneliness, to do only
what has to be done in order
to exist. I thought of Miranda
and of Prospero, the parent who
took her to an island. Maybe
there would be some advantages
here, after all, if I could find
them.

I made a rough calendar and
marked the passing of sunny
hours by a kind of sundial in a
clearing. In school, we kept to
each subject until I estimated
half an hour had passed. We
had shells for counting, and we
wrote with a stick in wet sand.
I found some bark that was
not unlike cardboard and made
ink from dark red berries the
natives said were poisonous, so
that I was able to teach Jeff to
write. We could draw on the
sand rough maps of the world
and of the island. I remembered
the capitals of every State ex-
cept North and South Dakota.

Vahia was the only child
who came to morning classes.
In the afternoons all the chil-
dren had regular exercise:
swimming, hopscotch, tag, base-
ball, even a kind of football

played with a coconut. In the
rainy season we could play
checkers.

The school and the organised
games gave me something to fill
my days and forced me to use
my mind. They saved my sanity.
Had I not had the child to
bring up, there would have
been no reason for me ever to
have used my mind.

One thing that worried me
was Jeff's learning to read.
He had no way to learn any-
thing except by listening to
me. I determined that during
a lesson I would try to talk as
nearly as possible like a text-
book. So every night I would
plan the next day's lessons and
learn them by heart, so that I
could say, for instance, "His-
torians differ in their opinions
as to the causes of the First
World War."

Speaking of history, I found
I could remember disgrace-
fully few dates — 44 B.C.,
1066, 1776, 1861. A few others.
But I used those I did know
for hooks on which to hang
the events of the past, and I
did have my chronology pretty
straight.

I knew the Battle of Water-
loo was about 1815, after
Napoleon's return from Elba,
and that Queen Elizabeth
lived more than two hun-
dred years before that, at the
same time as Shakespeare.

Can you imagine what it
would be like to have your
child growing up knowing
only what you yourself knew
and unable to look up any-
thing? Because the knowledge
of poetry, for instance, was
limited to the pitifully few
poems I happened to remem-
ber, we made up poetry.
When Jeff was ten he made
up:

"If I were a ship, I would
cross the water.
I could see places far and
near.
If I sailed eastward, I would
see London;
If I sailed westward, I'd see
Daddy dear.
But if I kept on sailing and
sailing,
Then I would end up right
back here."

I had no way of knowing
if that was a good or a poor
effort for a ten-year-old. Jeff
learned quickly and seemed
to reason well. At the age of
nine he had no trouble grasp-
ing the problem and solution
of the missionaries and the
cannibals crossing the hypo-
thetical river; and at eleven he
knew all the mathematics I
was able to teach.

BY three and a
half, Jeff was a fluent and, it
seemed to me, often an original
talker. His past tenses used to
amuse me—forgot was "gotfor,"
the past tense of reach was
"roach," and he would say he
"hore" a little bird singing. I
used to wish passionately that
his father could hear him, and
I thought how much Peter was
missing, not seeing his child
grow up.

Then I would realise that
Jeff's father could very well
have, and probably did have,
other children he could see
growing up. Occasionally I
would be overcome by a pro-
found melancholy.

The outside world was part
of my experience; I could only
imagine what it was like to
Jeff, who knew it only by my
descriptions. The first time he
noticed a new moon, he re-
marked, "Oh, they change
moons, don't they?"

I tried to remember question-
he asked and bright remarks he
made, thinking that if I ever
had a pencil and paper I would
write them down for him.
Otherwise he would have no
record of his childhood.

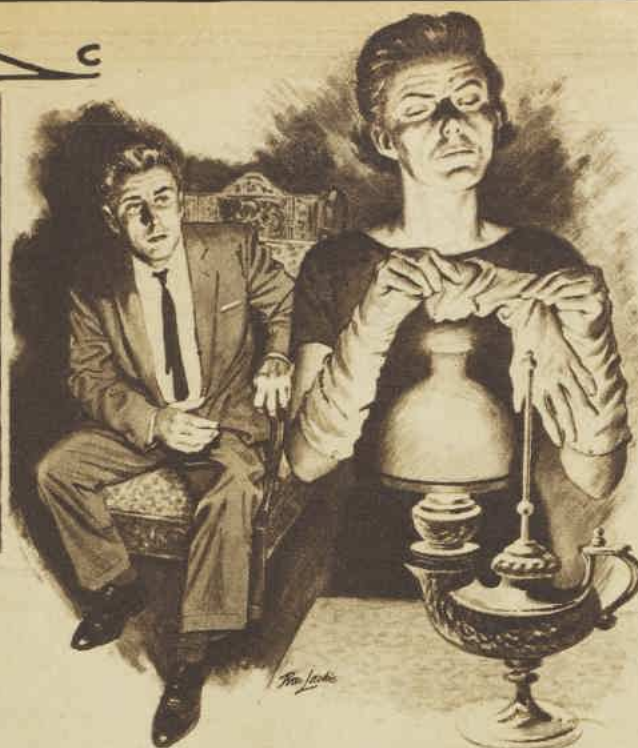
Whenever he didn't feel well
I was smitten with terror, and

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The Pale Horse

Fifth instalment of our murder mystery serial

By AGATHA CHRISTIE



Mark leaned forward apprehensively as Thyrza held the glove over the lamp.

THROUGH my friend JIM CORRIGAN, a police surgeon, I, MARK EASTERBROOK, had become involved in the investigation of the murder of FATHER GORMAN after he had visited a dying woman, MRS. DAVIS. The dead priest had a list of names, three of which were familiar to me — HESKETH-DUBOIS, my late godmother's name; TUCKERTON, which reminded me of a girl, THOMASINA TUCKERTON (since dead), whom I had seen in a fight in Chelsea; and DELAFONTINE, a name mentioned by my author friend, MRS. OLIVER, when she had told me of the death of a woman she knew well.

Corrigan told me that these and other people on the list had had large sums of money connected with their deaths, and also mentioned something to do with "wickedness" and a horse. It reminded me that POPPY, a girl I knew, had spoken of The Pale Horse as a place where murderers could be hired. Then by coincidence I was taken by my cousin, RHODA DESPARD, to meet THYRZA GREY and SYBIL STAMFORDIS, who live with

BELLA, their cook, in an old converted inn called The Pale Horse. They are said to dabble in witchcraft, and Thyrza's talk of death by remote control horrified me.

In the meantime, INSPECTOR LEJEUNE had interviewed ZACHARIAH OSBORNE, a retired chemist, who had seen a man following the priest the night of the murder. His description fitted MR. VENABLES, a crippled neighbor of Rhoda's.

I had asked GINGER, a girl I met at Rhoda's, to help me work out a theory about the murder, but was worried when I found her surname was CORRIGAN, another name on the list. However, she agreed to help and ascertained from Poppy that I should see a MR. BURNLEY in Birmingham. I did, and learnt he lays bets as to how long people will live, and that he knows Thyrza.

Later I saw Thomasina's stepmother, who was horrified when I mentioned The Pale Horse. Then Ginger decided to pose as my wife and that I must tell Burnley to have her removed as I want to remarry. NOW READ ON:

I STARED at Ginger. Goggled, I suppose, would be a better term. I wonder, really, that she didn't burst out laughing.

I was just recovering myself when she spoke again.

"There's no need to be so taken aback," she said. "It's not a proposal. I found my tongue."

"You don't know what you're saying."

"Of course I do. What I'm suggesting is perfectly feasible—and it has the advantage of not dragging some innocent person into possible danger. It's putting yourself in danger."

"That's my lookout."

"No, it isn't. And, anyway, it wouldn't hold water for a moment."

"Oh, yes, it would. I've been thinking it out. I arrive at a furnished flat with a suitcase or two with foreign labels. I take the flat in the name of Mrs. Easterbrook—and who on earth is to say I'm not Mrs. Easterbrook?"

"Anyone who knows you."

"Anyone who knows me won't see me. I'm away from my job ill. A spot of hair dye—what was your wife, by the way, dark or blond?—not that it really matters."

"Dark," I said mechanically.

"Good, I'd hate a bleach. Different clothes and lots of make-up and my best friend wouldn't look at me twice! And since you haven't had a wife in evidence for the past fifteen years or so—no one's likely to spot that I'm not her."

"Why should anyone in The Pale Horse doubt I'm whom I say I am? If you're prepared to sign papers

wagering large sums of money that I'll stay alive, there's not likely to be any doubt as to my being the bona fide article. You're not connected with the police in any way—you're a genuine client. They can verify the marriage by looking up old records in Somerset House. They can check up on your friendship with Hermia and all that—so why should there be any doubts?"

"You don't realise the difficulties—the risk."

"Risk," said Ginger. "I'd love to help you win a miserly hundred pounds or whatever it is from that shark Burnley."

I looked at her. I liked her very much... Her red hair, her freckles, her gallant spirit. But I couldn't let her take the risks she wanted to take.

"I can't stand for it, Ginger," I said. "Suppose—something happened."

"To me?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that my affair?"

"No. I got you in on all this."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes, perhaps you did. But who got there first doesn't matter much. We're both in it now—and we've got to do something. I'm being serious now, Mark. I'm not pretending this is all just fun. If what we believe to be true is true, it's a sickening, beastly thing. And it's got to be stopped!"

"You see, it's not hot-blooded murder from hate or jealousy; it's not even murder from cupidity, the human frailty of murder for gain but taking the risk yourself. It's murder as a business—murder that takes no account of who or what the victim may be. That

is," she added, "if the whole thing is true?"

She looked at me in momentary doubt.

"It is true," I said. "That's why I'm afraid for you."

Ginger put both elbows on the table and began to argue.

We thrashed it out, to and fro, ding-dong, repeating ourselves whilst the hands of the clock on my mantelpiece moved slowly round.

Finally, Ginger summed up.

"It's like this. I'm forewarned and forearmed. I know what someone is trying to do to me. And I don't believe for one moment she can do it! If everyone's got a 'desire for death' mine isn't well developed! I've good health. And I simply cannot believe that I'll develop gallstones or meningitis just because old Thyrza draws pentagrams on the floor or Sybil throws a trance—or whatever it is those women do do."

"Bella sacrifices a white cock, I should imagine," I said thoughtfully.

"You must admit it's all terribly bogus!"

"We don't know what actually does happen," I pointed out.

"No. That's why it's important to find out. But do you believe, really believe, that because of what three women can do in the barn of The Pale Horse, I, in a flat in London, will develop some fatal disease? You can't!"

"No," I said. "But I do..."

We looked at each other.

To page 46

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Obtainable from your family chemist



Page 29



*The most convenient way to control weight.
Simply open, pour and drink, at home or at work.*

Metrecal

the pleasant new way to lose weight and avoid regaining it

—Now in Liquid form, ready to drink

Now it is easier and more convenient to control your weight with Metrecal. You simply open the can and pour a 225 calorie meal. Metrecal Liquid was developed to meet the same exacting nutritional standards as Metrecal powder.

Metrecal was introduced in the United States a little more than 2 years ago and has since been successfully introduced to countries all over the world. Metrecal has been available in Australia since December, 1960. Its aim:

To provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of calorie intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing programme: and Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight control, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. On this complete programme, the average weight adjustment is satisfactory. To control weight more gradually, or to maintain a desired weight, Metrecal may be used for only one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days of the week.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include: the new concept—the measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product the means to achieve your desired weight through accurate control of calorie intake.

PROVEN BY EXPERIENCE—Metrecal has been used successfully by millions of people throughout the world to control weight.

QUALITY OF PRODUCT—The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to the most exacting pharmaceutical standards.

RANGE OF CHOICE—Metrecal is available nationally from your chemist in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavours.

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Overweight persons control weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they control weight safely, without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. The diet is easy to follow, since little if any hunger is felt after the first day or so.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. For example, it cannot provide the necessary will-power for weight control and maintenance. However, it is not difficult to stay on such a diet with Metrecal since little, if any hunger occurs after the first day or two.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control.

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, and persons with medical disturbances should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight control programme. **Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.**



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ED156R

7469: Perfect design (right) for printed silk or cotton. The shapely silhouette is self-belted at the normal waistline. The bodice-top is finished with a high-to-the-throat neckline and tiny sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



Midsummer patterns



7466: Straight, easy lines for the cleverly seamed one-piece dress (above). The cool no-collar neckline and sleevelessness add summer chic; the only trim — two buttons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.

7365: Short-sleeved summer maternity coat (below) is designed with an ample swing. The coat is single-breasted, side-slit, and finished with two large pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



HERE are five new summer designs chosen for the woman who likes to keep in step with current fashion. All can be made from an easy-to-follow pattern. Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

7467: Tailored perfection is seen in this sleeveless one-piece. The dress is self-belted. Interesting details include the side-buttoned skirt and tiny white collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36in. material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.



7468: Self-belted one-piece (above) designed with graceful skirt fullness. This style is good for drip-dry cotton. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



Continuing . . .

MONICA STERLING'S OWN STORY

from page 28

the awful isolation of our situation was brought home to me. But by the time he was five he was already my balance wheel. The island that was so strange and so limited to me was his natural habitat and his whole world.

I remember once when I hadn't slept, because he had gone to bed feeling ill and I didn't know why. "Darling," I said anxiously in the morning, "you didn't eat a thing last night—not even a grain, not the smallest thing."

"No," he agreed, "not even a baby germ." I laughed at that and relaxed. I had tried to explain to him why we couldn't eat rotten fish. There were no human germs on the island—no colds, no flu.

On Sundays we talked about God and the Bible and had a kind of church service, with a sermon. Then he was free to play and climb and fish. He was healthy and grew at what seemed to me a normal rate.

My husband was tall, and by the age of eleven Jeff was level with my ear. The only exact measurement I had on the island was my own height—five feet six—but fortunately I knew that for certain, so I

Now, when I needed every bit of learning I might have had, I found I knew only half of what I needed to teach Jeff. A savage suddenly transported to civilisation could not have felt any more out of his depth than I, finding myself in the opposite situation.

When Jeff was seven, I knew it safe to assume that, as far as his father was concerned, the child and I were dead. I did not tell Jeff this. I tried to keep my husband as part of our small family, someone who loved us and missed us, as we did him. I even "wrote" letters to him, telling him of our lives. But in my heart I was a widow.

For his own sake I hoped Peter had found a woman to marry, because he was a tremendously dependent person. He had a lot of love he needed to give to some woman, and I was lucky to have been the one for nearly four years. That isn't long; but in that short time I believe I was loved as devotedly as any woman who ever lived. I missed him dreadfully.

But sooner or later, as my life became just one year melting into another identical year, resignation was bound to take the place of hopes unfulfilled.

I held very tightly to Jeff's hand. This was the most dramatic and momentous happening of our lives, although it was a blow to hear the man speak a foreign language.

I had told Jeff there were other languages—our native talk, our own second tongue, was an example—but I had hoped the visitors would be able to speak with my son.

As the man came ashore, he must have stepped on a crab, for he suddenly let out a yell and sat down in the shallow water. He began cursing in English.

"What's the matter, Jim?" shouted the other from the boat.

I was so excited I thought I would burst. I ran to the man in the water. He was hopping around holding the toe that had been attacked.

"It was a crab," I said. He apologised for having sworn so roundly. "Last island, natives speakum French," he said. "This place—" he indicated the island—"what name?"

"I don't know," I answered. Why should it have a name? If it is the only island in your world, its name is The Island. "Look. We lost," he said, speaking slowly and patiently. "Need water. Eau. Savvy?" And he made motions as if drinking.

Then I realised he was not an illiterate, but he thought I was! He took Jeff and me for savages. For twelve years I had not given any thought to my appearance beyond regret for its neglect. I had not cut my hair or had a manicure; my skin

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



was able to make an accurate yardstick and teach Jeff the elements of geometry.

Science was my greatest problem. I never understood the workings of things I used daily, including the telephone. My descriptions of that made it sound like magic. I could draw a picture of an automobile, but my explanations of an internal-combustion engine left much to be desired.

The furniture of our minds is taken for granted in civilisation, like the objects that furnish our houses. If I could never again see a cathedral, at least I had seen one, and the word evoked a concrete image. Jeff could never have a concrete image of such things.

I had to describe not only the sounds of music but also the instruments on which it is played. We were able to make a whistle, a kind of harp, and a drum; but from these beginnings I had to create for him a symphony orchestra, as a zoologist reconstructs a dinosaur from a fragment of bone.

OFTEN I had periods of remorse when I regretted bitterly all I had not done when I'd had so many opportunities. I thought of the hours I had wasted when I could have been consciously appreciating the marvels of the world and man's knowledge of it.

Most of all I regretted not having studied harder and learned more at school; it seemed to me I had tried to see how little work I could get away with instead of how much I could learn.

The feast of knowledge had been spread before me, and I had not helped myself.

And gradually it did. In the first years of exile I used to watch the horizon for long hours, yearning for the sight of human passage.

After a time I got so I ceased to hope and to look. Vahia and Jeff had to get me one day to point out a strange black cloud moving along the horizon. It was the smoke from a passing steamer, presumably off her course. We couldn't see her hull. The children stayed to watch until the black smudge had disappeared, but I didn't. I knew it was going away.

So the sailboat took me completely by surprise, that morning when suddenly it was there, just outside the reef. Jeff knew what it was without being told, although he had never seen one.

It was a small sloop, weather-beaten and much travelled. As she skirted the reef and came around to the beach, we could see there were two men aboard her and they intended to put in at the island.

By the time the sloop was within hailing distance our entire population of thirteen was waiting on the shore. The two men carried their spears, but did not try to restrain me when I ran to the water's edge, holding Jeff by the hand. I waved and shouted something incoherent.

One of the men in the sloop cupped his hands and shouted back what sounded like "Oh-o-o-h!" They had dropped anchor, and one of them had waded ashore, before I understood he was saying "Eau," the French for water.

"Oui, monsieur," I replied in my half-forgotten high-school French. "Bienvenu!" How strange it felt to be a hostess!

had done without lotions.

The merciless sun and the tropic wind had done their worst. I must be a dreadful sight. I looked at my son with fresh eyes. His skin was brown, and his long hair was bleached almost white. He wore a loin-cloth made from coconut fibres. He had never seen a looking-glass.

I began blurting out our story. "I am an American. This is my son. We have been stranded here for twelve years. You must take us away with you."

"Wait a minute, sister. Not so fast!" The man was of middle age, his face tanned and incised with deep lines, his wiry hair iron-grey, his arms tattooed from wrist to elbow. I placed him as a professional sailor.

"Hold on," he said. "I want Emery to hear this." He called to his companion.

While we waited for the second man to come ashore, our neighbors moved slowly closer and stood in a semi-circle listening.

"It's all right," I said to them. "These men won't harm you. They want some water and then they will go away."

Jeff broke away from me and started to swim for the boat, impatient to get a closer look. He had always been as much at home in the water as on land.

When the second man joined us he proved to be younger and shyer. They were sailing around the world, the young one for adventure, the older one as an experienced hired companion. They had crossed the Pacific and found themselves north of their intended

To page 36

Dress Sense

By
**BETTY
KEEP**



DS469. Maternity sunsuit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● This maternity sunsuit was specially chosen for a young mother-to-be who has planned a caravan holiday by the sea and wants a suitable sunsuit.

HERE is an extract from her letter and my reply:

"I am four months pregnant and will soon be going for a caravan holiday to a beach spot. I need some type of sunsuit. Would you please design a suitable style for which I could purchase a pattern?"

The sunsuit I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated above. The cool, sleeveless tunic top has a pretty, low-cut neckline. The matching shorts are designed for expansion. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"What sort of shoes are correct to wear with Bermuda shorts?"

It depends where they are being worn. For resort wear and the beach, shorts look best with no-heel sandals. In the country they should be worn with knee-length socks and sturdy, flat-heeled walking shoes.

"I am going on a long train journey and am wondering what I could wear to be comfortable and neat while travelling."

An overblouse and pleated skirt (non-crushable) would be comfortable and neat to wear during a long train journey. Have both garments in matching cotton. Either a stripe or small check fabric pattern would be excellent.

"Is it correct to wear very flat heels with a dance dress? I am very tall and find that in high heels I am often taller than my partners."

Flatties are neither correct nor pretty with party clothes. Choose a shoe with a medium and delicately shaped heel and forget your height. Most times being tall is an advantage.

"Could you please tell me the correct clothes to be worn by the bride's mother at a formal afternoon wedding?"

The mother of the bride will be correctly dressed in a street-length afternoon dress, with short or three-quarter sleeves, according to personal taste. She should choose a flattering color, perhaps soft grey-blue, beige, or rose. A small dressy hat, beige or white, doeskin gloves long enough to meet the sleeves of the dress, and shoes and handbag to go with her dress will complete the outfit.

"I have a day frock of very dark purple silk and I'd like to know if it would be correct to wear it with black accessories."

I would not advise black accessories with dark purple. The effect could easily be funereal. Tobacco-brown is my choice, or you might even try a deep reddish-brown.

"I am 55 and of quite big build. Do you think I should wear slacks? If so, what length?"

In any length, pants are flattering only to women who have slim hips and a flat stomach.

TROPICAL BEAUTIES



● *Solanum mammosum*, a tropical relative of the tomato, is commonly called Cow's Udder plant. The shiny fruit is decorative.



● *Ipomoea ar-orescens* is member of the hybrid involucre, grows about 12 feet. When the mauvish-pink flowers fade they are replaced by seed pods.

● *Philodendron gloriosum* (below), a climber with green, white, and pink leaves of great beauty. Cuttings can be raised by inserting stems in light sand.



THE strange and beautiful plants pictured here will be familiar only north of the Queensland border or in warm climates of New South Wales. They are all true tropic beauties which are in flower this month. These plants aren't natives of Australia, and are grown in the tropic belt right round the globe. Beautiful as they are, there is little point in trying to grow them in Australia's southern States—at least not outside a greenhouse. Some will grow to the first frost, but they will be only pale shadows of the glorious forms which they assume in lush tropical conditions.

GARDENING



● *Allamanda violacea*, from Brazil, is both shrub and climber. Propagate from cuttings. Feed generously during growth.

● *Plumeria Sunset* (left) is more exotic than the common variety. Flowers shade from white to scarlet.

● *Pseuderanthemum reticulata* (below) needs a steamy climate. Propagate by cuttings. After flowering, plants may be rested, cut back.

● *Ixora* var. *Prince of Orange* (below), a popular shrub all over Queensland, grows to six feet tall. Flowers most of the year.



● *Ervatamia coronaria* (below), a shrub commonly known as Cape jasmine, has white waxy flowers like a double gardenia bloom.



● *Mussaenda*, evergreen flowering shrub from tropical Africa. Bush in full flower looks as if butterflies have descended on it.





HILLSIDE HOUSE BUILT IN AUSTRIAN STYLE

● Timber, glass, and sandstone quarried locally were used to build the lovely modern home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nelson at Crafers, in the Adelaide Hills. Its design and furnishings are typical of mountainside homes in the picturesque Austrian Tyrol.

AUSTRIAN-STYLE home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nelson in the Adelaide Hills has a superb view over heavily wooded country.

THIS attractive modern home owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nelson is at Crafers, in the Adelaide Hills.

Built mainly of timber with huge glass walls in front, the house is ideally situated in four acres of heavily wooded country.

From the narrow balcony, which follows the line of the sharply angled front of the house, the view is reminiscent of the Austrian Tyrol.

This is the main reason the Nelsons bought the land. A vintner by profession, Mr. Nelson is Consul for Austria in Adelaide and also dean of the Adelaide diplomatic corps. He and his wife came out to Australia from Austria many years ago.

They have two children, Elizabeth, 17, and Peter, 19.

All the main rooms of the house lead out on to the balcony. There is an enormous living-room with a dining area, a den, gallery, and three bedrooms.

A dressing-room and bathroom adjoin the master bedroom, and a second bathroom is built at the rear of the house.

The kitchen, which adjoins the living-room and den, is enclosed only on three sides so that Mrs. Nelson can talk to her family and guests when preparing food.

With its natural wood, built-in cupboards, and ample working areas for preparing and serving food, the kitchen is a housewife's dream.

In the centre is a specially built wooden chopping-block, and the stove—a combination of electric and wood — was imported direct from Austria.

All the ceilings in the house have thick beams made from Australian wood.

For informal entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Nelson have built a cool, airy room at ground level.

This is equipped with an open barbecue and adjoins an underground cellar. Access is from a staircase leading from the den, from the adjoining huge garage, or from a door leading out on to the side of the house.

The Austrian motif is carried through the house in old copper lamps and in hand-carved tables and chairs.

— Noni Rowland



DESIGNED for informal entertaining is the room shown at left above. It is at ground level, under main bedroom.

HAND-CARVED table and chairs in Austrian style are features of living-room (above). End wall is stone.

ENTRANCE to house (left) is at rear where rustic table and chairs are used for outdoor meals under the trees.

Pictures on this page by Vic Grimmert, Adelaide.



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At Home with Margaret Sydney

● This has been a hectic week with the family's various New Year engagements and my rather frantic efforts to clean up the holiday mess and leave the fridge and cupboards well stocked before I take off on my lone holiday.

KATHERINE is now so bored with my "Don't forgets" and "Do remembers" that I think she's quite stopped listening to me.

"Stop worrying, everything'll be all right. I'm not a complete idiot," she says.

She has already announced that all meals will be "French style" while I'm away.

After some judicious questioning we discovered that this means that vegetables may be served as a course separate from the meat. "I know how to cook them all right," Kat says, "but I can't see how you get them all cooked at the same time."

In all this rush I haven't had much time to think about clothes, but luckily this will be the sort of holiday for old clothes—and I've got plenty of those!

Those jodhpurs fit me now

THERE were great shrieks of disbelief from the children when I unearthed a pair of jodhpurs that have been in mothballs for 10 years and announced that they fitted me perfectly without my having even to move the buttons.

I didn't see any reason to spoil the story by admitting that 10 years ago they'd been hand-me-downs that were too big for me and had to be reeled in with a leather belt.

I'm pinning my hopes on my theory that riding, like bicycling, is a once-mastered-never-forgotten art. This is not a theory shared by my family of shocking city slickers, who regard the horse as a dangerously unpredictable animal encountered only on racecourses and in Western films and children's amusement parks.

Helen Crane has written to warn me that in January the farm will be hot, dusty, and mosquitoey, and that I must bring the oldest bathers I can find, because there'll probably be more clay than water in the dam where they swim.

"It sounds as though we're sending you to Siberia," says Hugh, to whom the coast is the only possible place for a holiday.

But it sounds like heaven to me. I can do without the country in winter, having been brought up where it was cold and muddy and wet and altogether miserable between May and September, but I adore the country in the summer.

It can be as hot as it likes (as long as there are no fires), and it will still seem like paradise to me compared with the heat of city shops and buildings and tarred streets.

The supermarket of the future

AND how wonderful to be hundreds of miles away from that invention of the devil—the supermarket.

Remember the dear old days when you stood with your list in your hand and willing hands fetched you packets of this and that and put them down in front of you on the counter?

Now you're expected to trundle a trolley over square acres of cement floor, backtracking hundreds of feet for forgotten items which you've missed because they've been

arranged with fiendish illogicality on the shelves.

Worse is to come. Did you see the predictions made at a symposium on automation held in Adelaide a few weeks ago?

In the supermarket of the future all the housewife will have to do is push an ordering stick into an order socket on the display shelf. This will open an account for the customer in the controlling computer and the article ordered will be mechanically delivered to a special delivery point.

When the shopper has ordered all she wants, she pushes her ordering stick into a delivery socket near the cashier's desk and mechanical arms will go to work packing all her goods into a transparent bag, which is then served up to her along with an electronically computed bill.

Katherine has a story (which nobody believes, of course) that the mechanical brain that does some of the marking of quiz-type examination papers at the university slips a cog sometimes and makes up fictitious examination candidates, awarding them High Distinctions or Dismal Failures as the mood takes him.

One of his younger brothers, put to work in this supermarket of the future, could cause lots of chaos by delivering a bill for £7437/14/7 for a modest little electronic order of 6 eggs, 1 butter, 3 soap, 1 froz. peas.

But all this, the scientists say, is in the future. Supermarkets aren't big enough yet. Eventually a size of supermarket can be reached which will justify the cost of the automatic equipment.

I hope somebody will point out to them, before it is too late, that statisticians have worked out that already the poor old housewife walks 70,000 miles (three times round the earth) during her life.

The day is going to come when the exhausted customer, having trudged round miles of aisles in a bigger and better supermarket plunging her message stick into ordering sockets, will collapse somewhere in the middle of the electronic wilderness and start sending up smoke-signals for the rescue squad.

Lettuce—with (ugh!) hot bacon grease

ONE of Di's Christmas presents from a friend was a collection of short stories, including Damon Runyon's famous "Lonely Hearts," the story of a bachelor called Nicely-Nicely Jones, who answers a matrimonial ad, and marries a widow rather too fond of insuring her husbands and then "losing" them.

I remembered the story, but I'd forgotten this menu of the first meal the widow serves for him.

Nicely says: "It turns out she is as fine a cook as ever straddles a skillet. . . . There is round steak hammered flat and fried in a pan, with thick cream gravy, and hot biscuits and corn on the cob, and turnip greens and cottage-fried potatoes, and lettuce with hot bacon grease poured over it."

Kat says the middle bits are too hard, but she'll produce the steak and the bacon-fatted lettuce, with potato-chips, while I'm away.

It might be one way to get Mike to eat lettuce, which he despises, but I'm beginning to wonder what sort of state Hugh's liver will be in after a fortnight of his daughter's cooking!

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Rates on application

● This week we publish two stories by mothers, each dealing with not-uncommon family problems — one about over-possessive parents, the other about a domineering father. Each story wins an award of £20.

When my son cut the apron strings

By a Mt. Waverley (Vic.) mother

● Jack and I were married eight years before our small son was born. Our cup of happiness was full.

WE laughed and joked together about the time we would call him, tally settling for Ian.

Then, as he grew up, we about organising his future, the best schools, deciding at his career would be, even organising his friends.

We nurtured and fed his every whim.

When he was sick I nearly led him with kindness. Then he worried about his school work I worried right along with him.

He had no secrets from his mother and me. He told us everything and, together, we made up his mind.

Secretive

That was until . . . one day we realised he was growing up. At first that did not worry

HOME AND FAMILY

Growing up, we felt sure, was something that happened to all small boys, and this should not mar our happiness.

We noticed, suddenly, that he was not coming to us with his problems any longer. He was becoming very moody and secretive.

I probed and probed to try to find out what was worrying him.

Then one day as his father and I were sitting in the kitchen having a cup of coffee, Ian dropped his bombshell.

He walked into the kitchen and, without ceremony, said, "Mum, Dad, I'm engaged to be married."

We couldn't believe our

ears. Surely this wasn't our son speaking.

His father said contemptuously: "Don't talk rubbish. What do you know about the responsibilities of getting married?"

"Why, you couldn't keep a dog on the money you've been earning. You'll have to wait until you've finished your course, and that's going to take another two years."

My husband raised his voice: "You are simply crazy to think you could support a wife and home at the present time."

Ian stood in the centre of the kitchen, shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and said: "Dad, Mum, I'm very grateful for the things you have done for me and for all the advice and care you have given me, but for once in my life I'm making a decision, especially this one."

"I've always tried to be a good son whenever you'd let me."

"I've always taken out the girls you chose for me; I've worn the clothes you wanted me to wear; I've gone to the places you wanted me to go; I've brought home the kind of friends you wanted me to."

"Now is it too much to ask you to do something I want to do?"

"You'll probably think my future wife not worthy of me, but, frankly, I'm frightened I won't be worthy of her."

My heart was nearly breaking at Ian's outburst.

Jack, sensing my feeling, put his arm around me and said angrily to Ian: "Look what you are doing to us. We are your parents. You are our only child and we love you. Is this your repayment?"

Walked out

"Dad," said Ian, "I'd hoped you would understand. I don't want to hurt you like this, but am I not entitled to a life of my own, to make mistakes and from these mistakes build my own character?"

"I love you both dearly, but I feel so smothered by everything that I can't make a decision without you. Please try to understand."

With that he turned and strode out of the kitchen and, probably, I felt, out of our lives.

I panicked and went to chase after Ian.

But my husband, who had grown strangely quiet, took my arm and drew me back into the chair.

He said: "You know, we've got a pretty fine man in our son."

Then he smiled at my be-

wildered expression and said: "To have and to hold is for us, darling, but not for our child."

Realisation began to seep into my mind, too, and I thought, well, there will be grandchildren one day—but

they, too, will be just to have and to hold for a little while.

How true it is — the ties that bind are silken, they grow strong with love and understanding.

But, if held too tight, they break with a snap.

Taming a tyrant

● The dear old Scots minister who married us gave us a few words to remember.

"THERE are two little creatures you should always keep in your home," he said. "Their names are 'bear' and 'forbear,' and they will bring you happiness."

With sober earnestness I set out to build our marriage on this advice, and I still think there is a lot of wisdom in it if both partners practise it.

The trouble was that my husband was quite unable to bear with anything or anybody, or to forbear either. He had a hot temper and was quite unable to see any point of view but his own.

In 10 years of marriage we had six children.

My husband was shrewd in money matters. We both worked hard and we did well.

"Mum's silly"

The years went by, me "bearing" and "forbearing" like mad, and feeling rather like the tail on the kite, only just providing enough ballast to prevent Henry from snapping the string and sailing off into the blue.

What I did not see was that he was becoming a despot and a tyrant. He made every decision, even the smallest. He demanded absolute obedience and the children were afraid of him.

One day I listened to two of them discussing an outing.

"Ask Daddy," said my daughter Kay. "Mummy won't know. She's silly."

I sat down in the nearest chair and looked at them.

Here was all my good temper and unselfishness taken for granted. Mum was a shadow, a person of no account, a doormat; in short, silly.

My husband came in that night as usual, sat down at the table, and shouted for his dinner.

The kiddies had finished theirs and slipped away early.

I sat down at my end of the table and, for the first time in years, really looked at him.

He looked somehow smaller than I had thought, and thinner, and not too much for me to manage, surely.

My daughter Kay had taken the cork

out of something that had been brewing a long, long time.

In the months that followed, something like a revolution occurred in our family.

First, a little cheerfulness and chatter was introduced, not without difficulty, and the kiddies were allowed to have their friends in to play.

Then I began to hint at some papering and painting badly in need of doing.

At this point Henry began to suggest that I needed a holiday and told me to take the children and go to my sister's for a change.

I told him I didn't want to go to my sister's, but my mother would come to look after the household and I would like to go to Auckland with a friend.

This was when the family began to wonder if I was going a bit queer. Mum never wanted to do anything without Dad's approval.

The road to a say in making decisions was a rocky one. Henry thought I was ill, then that there was another man.

Then, when he found he could no longer get his own way, he began to boast to his friends how he kept his wife under his thumb. (Henry was a poor loser.)

He's nicer now

The children, too, were at first doubtful about changes and had to get used to their new freedom.

Now they are much more outgoing, with interests outside the home and inside it, they are showing greater initiative and expressing opinions of their own.

Henry, too, is much nicer now. His good qualities—and he has many—are easier to see when one is not under his thumb.

I think now he sees in me more of the girl he married and less of the meek mouse he tried to turn me into.

Ours is a much happier home, and never, never are heard the words "Mum's silly!"

● The New Zealand mother who wrote this story asks to be anonymous, "as Henry is not fully tamed yet!"

MOTHCRAFT

The meaning of baby's cries

● Crying is the only way in which a very young baby can let others know that it wants something.

A MODERATE amount of crying is good for a young baby, as it helps to fill his lungs with air.

Those mothers—and there are many—who think their babies cry too much should realise that most crying is only a call for attention.

It is very important, therefore, that every young mother should learn to recognise the various types of crying — the hunger cry, the fretful cry, the spoilt cry, the sick cry.

In any prolonged crying the cause should be sought and removed, and the crying will stop.

A leaflet describing the various types of baby cries and their most common causes can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● A stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed when ordering the leaflet.



SNOW-CAPPED apricot biscuits topped and flavored with almonds will be a sure favorite for afternoon-tea parties. See recipe this page.

£5 prize for biscuit recipe

● A Queensland reader wins this week's main prize of £5 in our weekly cookery contest for her recipe for delicious apricot biscuits.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for an unusual fish dish served with pineapple-honey noodles, and cucumber chutney.

All spoon measurements are level.

APRICOT SURPRISES

Six ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. ground almond meal, few drops almond essence, 6oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 12 to 16 dried apricots (soaked in water a few hours), 2 tablespoons icing-sugar, chopped almonds.

Cream the butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolk and mix well. Add ground almond meal and essence. Sift in flour, cornflour, baking-powder, salt, knead well together. Turn out on to floured board and roll out thinly. Cut into rounds with fluted cutter. On the rounds place an apricot half, place remaining pastry rounds on top and press edges together. Beat egg-white in bowl until stiff, gradually add icing-sugar, beating well. Spread the top of each biscuit and sprinkle with chopped almonds. Place on lightly greased ovenplate, bake in moderate oven until cooked through and golden brown. First Prize of £5 to Mrs. S. O'Sullivan, 29 Stewarts Rd., Ashgrove, Qld.

TAHITIAN SPICED FISH

Three medium-sized bream, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced pork, 1 can chestnuts (drained), 1 small chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 small apples, 1-3rd cup honey, 8oz. wide noodles, boiling salted water.

Prepare fish, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Combine pork, drained chestnuts, onion, breadcrumbs, soy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, ginger, cayenne. Press the pork mixture into each fish. Cover and bake in greased casserole 30 minutes, or until fish is tender. Meanwhile, cut pineapples in half lengthwise, cut out pineapple, leaving thick shells. Dice pineapple and mix with honey. About 15 minutes before fish is cooked, add noodles to boiling water (salted) and cook uncovered until tender (about 8 to 10 minutes). Drain. Combine 4 cups of pineapple-honey mixture with noodles. Arrange in pineapple shells. Top with the hot fish.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Kelly, 10 Woodville Rd., Granville, N.S.W.

CUCUMBER CHUTNEY

Four pounds cucumber, 4lb. apples, 4lb. onions (chop roughly, then weigh), 2 tablespoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins, 1 sugar, 4oz. chopped ginger, 1oz. chopped garlic (crushed), 1oz. cayenne pepper, 1oz. peppercorns, vinegar.

Sprinkle chopped cucumber with salt and stand overnight. Put in preserving pan with chopped apples and onions, raisins, sugar, ginger, cloves, crushed garlic, cayenne, and peppercorns. Cook with vinegar and boil until tender and thickened. Cool slightly and spoon into clean dry jars. Seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Matheson, 178 Cox St., South Windsor, N.S.W.

TRANSFER, PATTERN

The posy below is from our Iron Transfer No. 12J, which contains types of posies and smaller flowers in red, blue, and green.

These transfers are easily applied with a warm iron and are colorfast to washing. Price, 2/-.

A pattern for the waist apron is available. It requires 1yd. 36in. material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price, 2/6.

● Order transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose postal note with order.



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Page 40

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 10, 1961



HOLIDAY MEALS

● At holiday time, housework and cookery should take second place, but the family's appetites still must be appeased. This three-page feature shows how wise mothers can do this by making full use of the excellent canned and packaged foods now available on the grocer's shelves.

CANNED CHICKEN, flavored rice, canned mushrooms, and evaporated milk are all used to make this unusual layered casserole called **Chicken Festival**. The recipe for this and many other easy dishes are in this feature.

CAREFREE COOKERY

FOOD processing and manufacturing has progressed so greatly in the past few years that the range of partially prepared foods which need very little attention seems limitless.

In this feature are recipes for making appetising substantial meals with the minimum of preparation. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes. Quantities are sufficient to serve five to six persons.

The canned, packaged, and bottled foods required for each recipe are given in brackets under its title.

CHICKEN FESTIVAL

(Canned chicken, packaged flavored rice, canned mushrooms, canned evaporated milk)

One canned chicken, 1 package chicken-flavored rice, 2 finely chopped onions, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 pint water, extra 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. flour, 3 cups chicken stock (from canned chicken), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, salt, pepper, 1 small can mushrooms.

Remove chicken from tin, pull off all meat from bones, chop up roughly. Reserve 3 cups chicken stock for sauce. Heat butter or substitute in pan, add chopped onion, saute until lightly browned. Add rice, cook a minute longer. Stir in water and flavorings, cover, and simmer 20 minutes or until rice has absorbed all moisture, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile prepare sauce. Melt extra butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute. Stir in reserved stock, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add contents of can of mushrooms, season with salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 2 minutes. Fold in evaporated milk. Combine chicken meat with sauce and rice mixture; mix well. Spoon into well-greased casserole, cover, and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes or until thoroughly heated. Serve piping hot.

SPAGHETTI BAKE

(Canned spaghetti, canned spaghetti sauce, canned luncheon meat)

One large can spaghetti, 1 can spaghetti sauce, 1 large onion, 4oz. bacon rashers (rind removed), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 can pork and beef luncheon meat (or any other canned meat desired), salt, pepper, oregano.

Chop onion finely, combine with chopped bacon, fry until bacon is transparent and onion soft. Add spaghetti and spaghetti sauce and extra seasoning if desired. Turn into casserole, sprinkle top with grated cheese. Cut luncheon meat into slices, lightly glaze with little spaghetti sauce, arrange cartwheel fashion in spaghetti mixture. Place in moderate oven, bake until thoroughly heated through (about 30 minutes). Serve piping hot garnished with parsley sprigs.

APPLE CREAM

(Packaged coconut)

One cup grated raw apples (leave red skin on), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped until thick), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, cherries.

Grate apple on medium grater, combine with the whipped cream, sugar, lemon juice, and coconut; mix well. Pour into ice-cream tray, freeze until just firm. Then remove from tray, place in basin, beat until thick. Return to tray, freeze until firm. Serve in tall glasses topped with cherries.



PEAR AMBROSIA

(Canned pears, packaged bran cereal)

Two cups diced canned pears, 1 tablespoon custard powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, strawberry or other berry jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup bran cereal.

Prepare custard: Warm milk and sugar, add custard powder blended with a little of the milk, stir over gentle heat until thickened, allow to come to the boil, remove from heat, cool slightly. Place 1 tablespoon of jam in base of each serving-dish, add spoonful of pears, cover with custard. Heat bran cereal, brown sugar, butter, and cinnamon in pan until sugar melts, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, sprinkle over puddings just before serving. Top with sweetened cream if desired.

NUT-MALLOW DESSERT

(Packaged instant pudding mix, packaged marshmallows, packaged peanuts)

One package butterscotch-flavored instant pudding mix, milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped peanuts.

Make pudding with milk as directed on package. Whip lightly, fold in finely chopped marshmallows and peanuts. Allow to set and serve.

Variations:

- Into a vanilla-flavored pudding-mix fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed peppermint candy.
- Mash 3 bananas, fold into caramel-flavored pudding mix.
- Crush a few macaroon biscuits, add to chocolate-flavored pudding.

APPETISING DISH above is called **Favorite Luncheon Bake**. It is topped with tomato slices and shredded cheddar cheese before baking. The recipe is given on this page.

FAVORITE LUNCHEON BAKE

(Packaged macaroni cheese, canned luncheon meat, packaged cheddar cheese)

One package macaroni cheese, 2 large onions (sliced thickly), 4 tomatoes (skinned and sliced), 1 can luncheon meat (or any cold cooked meat desired), salt, pepper, 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese.

Prepare macaroni cheese as directed on package, place layer on base of greased casserole. Top with layer of sliced onion and tomato, then with layer of cubed meat. Season well. Continue layers until all ingredients are used. Sprinkle shredded cheese thickly over top. Bake in moderate oven (uncovered) until top is golden-brown and casserole piping hot. Serve.

CANTON TUNA

(Canned condensed soup, packaged noodles, canned tuna or other fish)

One can condensed cream of celery soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 can tuna (chopped into pieces), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, salt, pepper, 1 package noodles, salted water, grated cheese.

Combine the celery soup with the milk, tuna, chopped celery, green pepper, soy sauce, little salt and pepper to taste. Cook noodles in boiling salted water 10 to 14 minutes or until tender, then drain. Fold into soup mixture, pile into greased casserole. Sprinkle with little cheese, bake in moderate oven until piping hot.

Continued overleaf

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

BEUF KATRINA

(Packaged noodles, canned mushrooms, canned chicken soup, canned evaporated milk, bouillon cubes.)

Eight ounces noodles, 1 beef bouillon cube, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 large onion (chopped), 2 tablespoons oil, 1 lb. minced steak, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 to 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 small cans mushrooms, 1 can chicken soup, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, chopped parsley.

Cook noodles in boiling water to which the bouillon cube and little salt have been added. Meanwhile heat oil in pan, add garlic, onion and brown lightly, stir in minced steak, stir over heat until meat changes color. Add flour, salt, paprika, and mushrooms, stir until boiling, then simmer gently 5 minutes. Add chicken soup, simmer further 10 minutes. Combine evaporated milk and lemon juice, allow to become sour. Fold into mixture and reheat, and do not allow to boil. Pile cooked drained noodles on serving-platter, spoon over the meat mixture, sprinkle with parsley. Serve piping hot.

PASSIONFRUIT FOAM

(Packaged flummery or Spanish cream, frozen ice-cream.)

One package of flummery or Spanish cream mix (any flavor desired), 2 cups chopped fruits (such as bananas, oranges, apples, or strawberries), juice 6 passionfruit, 1 block ice-cream.

Prepare flummery or Spanish cream as directed on package. Pour into basin, chill until set. Just before serving spoon into attractive serving-bowl, top with passionfruit pulp, spoon chopped fruits round edge. Serve with ice-cream.

SHERRY MOCHA DESSERT

(Packaged chocolate pudding mix, canned instant coffee.)

One packaged chocolate custard pudding mix, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 cup sherry, 1 pint cream (whipped and sweetened to taste), cinnamon.

Blend chocolate custard mix with milk, stir over heat until thickened. Simmer 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add instant coffee and sherry. Allow to cool slightly then pour into sweets dishes. Chill. Serve topped with whipped, sweetened cream and sprinkled with cinnamon.

TOMATO SALAD PERFECTION

(Canned luncheon meat, canned crushed pineapple, bottled mayonnaise.)

One can luncheon meat, 1 small can crushed pineapple (drained), 1 cup chopped celery, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 4 or 5 large firm tomatoes.

Finely chop the luncheon meat, combine with drained pineapple, celery, thinly sliced onion, and green pepper. Add mayonnaise, season with salt and pepper. Chill. Wash and chill tomatoes, cut each one horizontally into 3 thick slices. Remove stem end from top slice. Sandwich slices together with generous layers of prepared meat salad. Serve well chilled garnished with parsley.

APPLE SNOW FLAN

(Packaged pastry flan, canned apple pulp.)

One ready-prepared 7in. flan case (or home-made from packaged pastry mix), 1 large can apple pulp, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup apricot jam, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 egg-whites, 1 pint cream (whipped and sweetened to taste), grated chocolate.

Combine apple pulp, sugar, ground cloves, apricot jam, and grated lemon rind; mix well. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into apple mixture. Pile into flan case, chill. Just before serving top with whipped sweetened cream, sprinkle over grated chocolate.

CELERY FISH STICKS

(Frozen fish sticks, canned celery soup, packaged flavored rice.)

One large package fish sticks (thawed), 1 can cream of celery soup, 1 cup milk, 1 cup finely chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup grated cheddar cheese, paprika, 1 package tomato-flavored rice, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 pint water, 3 skinned and chopped tomatoes.

Place fish sticks in well-greased casserole. Combine celery soup and milk; measure out 1 cup (reserve remainder for later use). Add chopped shallots, lemon juice, and cheese to thinned soup, pour over fish sticks and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes. Serve with the following rice: Heat butter or substitute in pan, add packaged rice and brown lightly, stir in contents of flavoring package and water. Cover, simmer gently 10 minutes. Add chopped tomatoes, simmer further 10 minutes, stirring occasionally or until rice is soft and liquid absorbed. Serve piping hot.

SUMMER FRUIT SHERBET

(Canned crushed pineapple, canned evaporated milk.)

One small can crushed pineapple (well drained), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup mashed banana pulp, juice 1 large orange, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 egg-white, pinch salt, 1 small can chilled evaporated milk, cream for serving.

Combine pineapple with sugar, banana pulp, orange and lemon juice, stir until sugar is dissolved. Place in refrigerator trays, freeze until firm round edges and mushy in centre. Beat egg-white with salt until stiff and frothy. Gradually add frozen fruit mixture then fold in evaporated milk (which has been beaten until thick and doubled in bulk). Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until firm. Serve spooned into sweets dishes topped with little whipped cream.

READY - MADE pastry-cases and fillings that are easy to prepare make these two delicious desserts, apple snow flan and butterscotch meringue flan. See recipes this page.

BUTTERSCOTCH FLAN

(Packaged pastry flan.)

One ready-prepared 7in. flan case (or home-made from packaged pastry mix), 3 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, 3oz. butter, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons cornflour or arrowroot (blended with extra 1/4 cup water), 2 eggs (separated), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 4 tablespoons sugar, walnut halves to decorate.

Combine in saucepan the golden syrup, brown sugar, butter, and water. Stir over heat until nearly boiling. Remove from heat, stir in blended cornflour. Return to heat, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 2 minutes, add well-beaten egg-yolks and vanilla. Allow to cool slightly, pour into baked flan, allow to set. Beat egg-whites until stiff in clean dry basin, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved. Pile or pipe with star-tube on top of pie. Bake in slow oven until meringue is lightly browned. Top with walnut halves, serve.

JEFFY SAVORY CASSOLETTES

(Canned whole kernel corn, canned tomato soup, canned peas, frankfurts.)

One pound frankfurts, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 rashers bacon (rind removed and chopped), 1 small can whole kernel corn (drained), 3 cups cooked rice, 1 medium size can tomato soup, salt, pepper, 1 small can peas (drained).

Cut frankfurts into blocks, skin if desired. Heat butter or substitute in pan, add onion and bacon pieces, saute until lightly browned. Add frankfurts, drained corn, rice, tomato soup, and peas. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Turn into greased individual casseroles, bake in hot oven 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.

PINEAPPLE STACKS

(Canned pineapple rings, packaged cream cheese, bottled anchovy paste.)

One can pineapple rings (drained), 1 large green pepper (seeds removed), cut into slices, 2 large tomatoes, 1 green cucumber, 2 packages cream cheese, 2 tablespoons finely chopped chives or shallots, 1 small bottle anchovy paste, salt, pepper, celery curls or parsley sprigs to garnish.

Place pineapple rings on individual serving-plates, top with green pepper slice, tomato slice, then cucumber slice. Beat cream cheese until smooth, add chopped chives or shallots and anchovy paste. Taste, if necessary season with salt and pepper. Spoon little cheese mixture on top of each stack. Decorate plates with celery curls and parsley.

TROPICAL PARFAITS

(Canned fruit salad, canned fruit cocktail.)

One can fruit salad, 1 can fruit cocktail, 1 cup sweet sherry, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint, glass cherries to decorate.

Combine contents of canned fruit salad and fruit cocktail with sherry and chopped mint. Mix well, cover, and chill until just before serving time. Spoon into tall glasses, top each one with cherry.

FROZEN COFFEE FOAM

(Packaged instant coffee, packaged marshmallows.)

Eighteen marshmallows, 3 cups water, 1 tablespoon instant coffee, 1pt. cream (or evaporated milk), chopped walnuts.

Combine in saucepan the marshmallows, water, and instant coffee, stir over low heat until marshmallows are melted, add unwhipped cream or evaporated milk. Cool, pour into freezing-trays. Place in freezer 8 hours. Serve spooned into sweets dishes and sprinkled with chopped walnuts.

BURGUNDY BEANS

(Canned kidney beans.)

One large onion (chopped), 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 tablespoon oil, 1 lb. minced steak, 2 tomatoes (chopped), 1 cup red wine, 2 lb. cans kidney beans, 8 slices bread, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Heat oil in pan, add chopped onion and green pepper, saute lightly. Add minced steak, stir over heat until browned all over. Add chopped tomatoes and wine, simmer 5 minutes. Add well-drained beans, stir well. Remove crusts from bread and butter on both sides. Arrange round sides of well-greased casserole, pour meat and bean mixture into centre, place in moderate oven. Bake 30 minutes, serve.

TOMATO-VEGETABLE APPETISER

(Canned tomato juice, canned vegetable juice.)

One large can tomato juice, 1 large can vegetable juice, 1 cup finely chopped shallots, 1 cup finely sliced celery, salt, black pepper, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ice cubes, chopped parsley.

Combine in jug the canned tomato and vegetable juice. Add chopped shallots and celery, stir well. Season with worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Chill. Place few ice-cubes in each glass, pour over well-chilled tomato and vegetable juice, serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.





MINIMUM AMOUNT of time and trouble is needed to prepare dishes such as these tropical parfaits, passion-fruit foam, easy luncheon platter, and pineapple stacks. They are a boon to the housewife during holidays.

MONSTER LOAF

(Bottled cheese spread, canned luncheon meat, canned tomato soup, canned mushrooms.)

One loaf vienna bread (cut in halves lengthwise), 1 small bottle cheese-spread, 1 can luncheon meat (chopped finely or minced), 1 small can mushrooms, sprinkling of oregano, 1 green pepper (chopped finely), 1 medium-sized can tomato soup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive or other salad oil.

Spread big piece of aluminium foil (cupping edges so juice won't run over) on oven-slide or shallow baking-pan. Place the 2 halves of bread on it, cut side up. Spread with cheese-spread, then luncheon meat, mushrooms, oregano, green pepper, and spoon over tomato soup. Drizzle over oil. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Serve hot.

VOLCANOES

(Packaged cake mix, frozen ice-cream, packaged drinking chocolate.)

One package chocolate cake mix, 1 block bought or home-made ice-cream, 3 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drinking chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Prepare chocolate cake mix as directed on package, pour into greased lamington-tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Remove, allow to cool slightly, turn out on to cake-rack. When cold, cut into approximately 3-in. squares. Arrange well apart on thick wooden board. Prepare meringue: beat egg-whites in a bowl until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat until all sugar dissolves. Add vanilla. Scoop or spoon well-frozen ice-cream on top of each cake square. Quickly spread meringue over each, making sure to cover completely cake and ice-cream. Place in moderate oven a few minutes to brown lightly. Serve at once on individual dishes topped with chocolate sauce, which is made by gradually adding water to drinking chocolate and blending well.

EASY LUNCHEON PLATTER

(Frozen peas, bottled mayonnaise, canned pineapple pieces, bottled stuffed olives, canned anchovy fillets.)

Potato salad: Three cups cubed cooked potatoes, 1 large onion (chopped finely), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely sliced celery, 1 small package frozen peas, 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint, 1 cup mayonnaise, salt, pepper.

Serve with: Three hard-boiled eggs, 12 slices luncheon meat, 1 small can pineapple pieces, stuffed olives, blue vein cheese, Edam or cheddar (or any other variety desired), 1 small can anchovy fillets, 1 red pepper, lettuce.

Combine cubed potato with chopped onion, celery, frozen peas (which have been lightly cooked in salted water), mint. Fold in mayonnaise, season to taste with salt and pepper; chill well. Just before serving fill into bowl, place in centre of large platter. Surround with crisp lettuce leaves, top with sliced hard-boiled eggs, rolls of luncheon meat, pineapple pieces, stuffed olives, various cheeses cut in small service-size pieces, anchovy fillets (rolled up and secured with cocktail sticks), and red pepper rings.

APRICOT DREAM

(Packaged rice cereal, canned apricot pulp, canned evaporated milk, packaged marshmallows.)

Two cups crushed rice cereal, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons each of lemon and orange juice, 1 dessert-spoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. marshmallows (chopped into pieces), 1 can apricot pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chilled evaporated milk or cream.

Melt butter or substitute, add to crushed cereal, brown sugar, and spice; mix all well together. Press over base and sides of greased serving-dish, reserving $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of crumbs for top. Chill crust. Heat fruit juices, add gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Fold in marshmallows and apricot pulp, allow to cool. Whip chilled evaporated milk until thick, fold into mixture. Fill into cereal crust, sprinkle over reserved crumbs. Chill, serve cut into squares.

CURRIED TUNA CASSEROLE

(Canned tuna, packaged cheddar cheese, canned mushroom soup, canned mushrooms.)

One large can tuna, 3 cups cooked rice, 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 small can mushrooms, 1 teaspoon curry-powder, 1 cup grated cheddar cheese.

Drain and flake tuna. Combine with rice, mushroom soup, water, mushrooms, and curry-powder. Turn into greased casserole, top with cheese. Bake in moderate oven until mixture bubbles round edges (about 30 minutes).

PEANUT BRITTLE DESSERT

(Packaged instant pudding mix, packaged peanut brittle.)

One package instant pudding mix (any flavoring desired), 1 pint milk, 1 packet peanut brittle (crushed), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped and sweetened to taste).

Place milk in bowl, sprinkle over pudding mix, beat with rotary beater until mixed through. Allow to stand until beginning to thicken. Place a little crushed peanut brittle into 6 sweets dishes, pour over pudding mix. Chill. Just before serving top each sweet with spoonful of whipped sweetened cream and sprinkling of peanut brittle.

DEEP-SEA FANTASY

(Packaged noodles, canned mushrooms, canned salmon, canned asparagus tips, packaged cheddar cheese.)

One package broad egg noodles, 1 small can mushrooms, 1 medium-size can salmon, 1 large can asparagus tips, 1 green pepper (diced), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup stock, 1 cup grated cheddar cheese.

Cook noodles according to directions on package, drain, and rinse. Place in base of well-greased casserole. Cover with mushroom mixture, then salmon, asparagus tips (drained), diced pepper; season well with salt and pepper and pour over stock. Sprinkle top with cheese, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve piping hot.

Cookery Course

CHEESE

—Varieties, cooking methods

CHEESE is a rich source of protein, a food constituent necessary for a well-balanced nutritious diet. It is comparatively inexpensive, combines well with other foods, and is an excellent meat substitute.

All cheese is made from milk, artificially soured, colored, and salted; whey is drained off and the curds pressed into moulds for ripening and curing.

After the initial souring has taken place variations in making and curing result in different types of cheeses.

TYPES

Natural cheeses are so called because natural maturing processes produce distinctive flavors and textures and continue after cheese has reached its prime. They are classified as "hard" or "soft" according to the amount of moisture present.

Processed or pasteurised cheese is natural cheese preserved at the peak of maturity so further ripening is prevented.

VARIETIES

A taste for mild-flavored cheese, such as cheddar, is universal; a taste for strongly flavored cheese, such as gorgonzola, is acquired.

The types listed below are readily available and most frequently used in this country.

Many others, of Australian manufacture and imported varieties, are available and should be tried by those who wish to become connoisseurs.

HARD CHEESES

Cheddar: Generally mild in flavor, but both natural and processed cheddars vary considerably in flavor and texture; most versatile for cooking; used in scones, biscuits, pastries, etc., and uncooked in salads, savories, sandwiches.

Edam and Gouda: Mild-flavored, red-skinned cheeses, originally the product of Holland. Used chiefly as end-of-dinner or dessert cheese with fruit.

Gruyere: Smooth, mild cheese, originally from western Switzerland, sometimes herb-flavored. Used as dinner or sandwich cheese.

Parmesan: Cheese with dry texture and sharp, distinctive flavor, originally from Italy; used grated for savory dishes, especially macaroni and spaghetti.

Stilton: Famous English blue-veined type made with extra cream; has characteristic pungent flavor of blue cheese; used chiefly as after-dinner cheese.

Swiss: Smooth, mild-flavored, firm-textured cheese, similar to gruyere; characterised by holes, or "eyes," which develop during maturing; originally made in Switzerland; used for sandwiches, fondue, and other savory dishes.

VARIED DISHES MADE WITH CHEESE

CHEESE AND TOMATO FLAN

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 4 firm medium-sized tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 shallot, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, ½ cup grated cheese, 3 bacon rashers.

Line 8 in. flan-tin or tart-plate with thinly rolled pastry, pinch frill round edge. Brush base and sides with little egg-white from eggs for filling. Allow to dry to form a seal. Skin and slice tomatoes, arrange over base of flan. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with chopped shallots. Beat eggs with milk and season with salt and pepper; add nearly all the cheese. Pour over tomatoes, sprinkle remaining cheese over top. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until custard is set. Place bacon strips (rind removed) on top for last 15 minutes. Serve hot.

HAM AND CHEESE PUFF

Two cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 dessert-spoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3 eggs, ½ cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup finely chopped ham.

Place milk and shortening into saucepan, heat until shortening melts. Add mustard, onion, salt, cayenne pepper, and beaten egg-yolks. Pour on to crumbs mixed with cheese and ham. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into greased ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serve immediately.

NEXT WEEK: Pickles and chutneys

SOFT CHEESES

Camembert: Famous French natural cheese used for salads and end-of-dinner dessert. Available in Australia in a processed form.

Cottage or Cream Cheese: Simplest of all types. Uncured cottage cheese made commercially from pasteurised skimmed milk has lower fat content than most cheeses.

Cream is added to uncured cottage cheese to make cream cheese with extra richness and flavor. Both are used for salads, sandwiches, appetisers, dessert, and some cooked dishes.

Rocquefort: Creamy white, strongly flavored cheese marbled with greenish-blue veins; originally from France. Used for salads and end-of-dinner dessert.

Danish Blue: Pungent, strongly flavored blue-veined cheese, popular for after-dinner service.

Gorgonzola: Strongly flavored blue-veined cheese, originally made in Italy. Used for salad and dessert.

USES IN COOKERY

Sliced or Chopped Cheese: In salads, sandwiches, savories, cheese toast.

Grated Cheese: Mixed with crumbs for topping savory dishes; in cheese sauce; for topping cream soups; in savory spaghetti, macaroni, or rice dishes; in savory pies, pizzas, and custards; in salads, sandwich fillings, omelets, in cheese pastry and savory biscuit mixtures.

METHODS

For success when cooking with cheese:

● Use heat as low as possible for as short a while as possible; high temperature and prolonged cooking makes cheese tough, stringy, and difficult to digest.

● Grate or chop finely before cooking to facilitate melting. Grate processed cheese on medium-coarse grater which makes long flakes.

● Remove cooked sauce from heat before adding grated cheese for cheese sauce, stir until melted and mixed but do not allow to boil again.

● Avoid overcooking, which has same toughening effect as cooking at too high a temperature; when cheese is melted it is cooked.

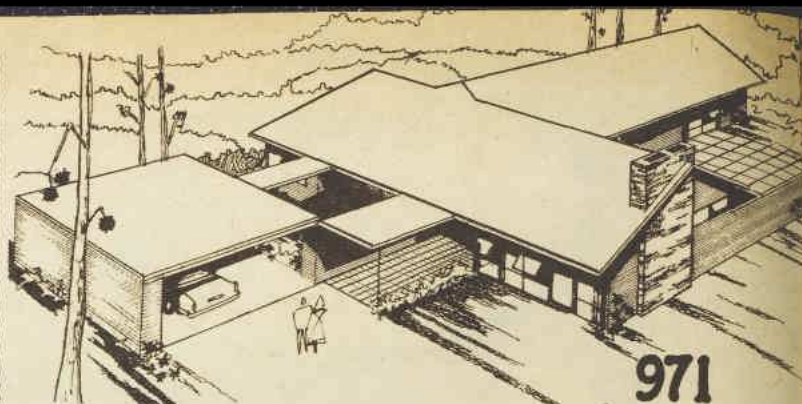
STORAGE

The keeping quality of cheeses varies according to type. Hard cheese keeps well under correct conditions; soft cheese is highly perishable unless processed.

All cheese needs special care once cut. Wrap in waxed paper, then in food-wrapping plastic, and store in refrigerator or a cool, dry place.

Processed cheese keeps well in its original wrapping in the refrigerator. Large quantities of hard, natural cheese will keep well, if refrigeration is not available, wrapped in muslin moistened with vinegar and water.

Dry cheese, grated ready for cooking, keeps well in refrigerator in a screw-top jar.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows L-shaped design of Plan No. 971. Outdoor terraces and two-car garage give a spacious atmosphere.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● Our Home Plan this week is a ranch-style split-level design with a two-car garage.

IT is an L-shaped plan with living-room, dining-room, and kitchen forming one wing and the three bedrooms and bathroom on a different level.

The living-room in this attractive house is 16ft. by 14ft.—and has a screened private terrace for barbecues and outdoor entertaining.

A dining area 11ft. 6in. by 9ft. opens on to the private terrace, and is next to the kitchen, which also opens out to the terrace.

Three large bedrooms, each with built-in wardrobes, are designed near an unusually large bathroom, 9ft. by 6ft. This room and

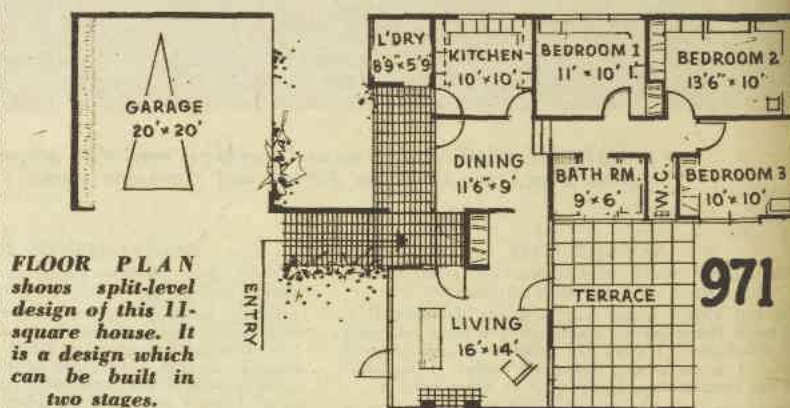
one of the bedrooms overlook another large terrace (see floor plan below).

The plan, No. 971 in our series of design is particularly suited to a young married couple on a budget. It can be built in two stages—the living-room and garages can be added later.

Exterior of the house is very pleasant, has a pitched roof, large windows, and sandstone chimney for the open fireplace in the living-room.

It can be built in brick or timber and has an area of 11 squares in timber and 11.9 squares in brick.

Clever planning gives an atmosphere of greater space in this compact home plan.



FLOOR PLAN shows split-level design of this 11-square house. It is a design which can be built in two stages.

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BUTTERSCOTCH MERINGUE FILLING

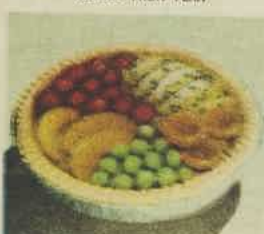
PINEAPPLE CHIFFON FILLING

GLAZED FRUIT FLAN

BANANA CREAM FILLING

LEMON MERINGUE FILLING

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT FILLING



BAKED JUST RIGHT BY TIP TOP - THE CAKE SPECIALISTS

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 10, 1962

Page 45

"Yes," said Ginger. "That's our weakness."

"Look here," I said. "Let's make it the other way round. Let me be the one in London. You be the client. We can cook up something."

But Ginger was vigorously shaking her head.

"No, Mark," she said. "It won't work that way. For several reasons. The most important is that I'm known at The Pale Horse already—as my carefree self. They could get all the dope about my life from Rhoda—and there's nothing there. But you are in the ideal position already—you're a nervous client, sniffing around, not able yet to commit yourself. No, it's got to be this way."

"I don't like it. I don't like to think of you—alone in some place under a false name—with nobody to keep an eye on you. I think, before we embark on this, we ought to go to the police—now—before we try anything else."

"I'm agreeable to that," said Ginger slowly. "In fact I think it's what you ought to do. You've got something to go on. What police? Scotland Yard?"

"No," I said. "I think Divisional Detective-Inspector Lejeune is the best bet."

I LIKED Divisional Detective-Inspector Lejeune at first sight. He had an air of quiet ability. I thought, too, that he was an imaginative man—the kind of man who would be willing to consider possibilities that were not orthodox.

He said: "Dr. Corrigan has told me of his meeting with you. He's taken a great interest in this business from the first. Father Gorman, of course, was very well known and respected in the district. Now you say you have some special information for us."

"It concerns," I said, "a place called The Pale Horse."

"In, I understand, a village called Much Deeping?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

I told him of the first mention of The Pale Horse at the Fantasia. Then I described my visit to Rhoda, and my introduction to the "three weird sisters." I related, as accurately as I could, Thyra Grey's conversation on that particular afternoon.

"And you were impressed by what she said?"

I felt embarrassed.

"Well, not really. I mean, I didn't seriously believe—"

"Didn't you, Mr. Easterbrook? I rather think you did."

"I suppose you're right. One just doesn't like admitting how credulous one is."

Lejeune smiled.

"But you've left something out, haven't you? You were already interested when you came to Much Deeping—why?"

"I think it was the girl looking so scared."

"The young lady in the flower shop?"

"Yes. She'd thrown out her remark about The Pale Horse so casually. Her being so scared seemed to underline the fact that there was—well, something to be scared about. And then I met Dr. Corrigan and he told me about the list of names. Two of them I already knew. Both were dead. A third name seemed familiar. Afterwards I found that she, too, had died."

"That would be Mrs. Delafontaine?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

"I made up my mind that I'd got to find out more about this business."

"And you set about it, how?"

I told him of my call on Mrs. Tuckerton. Finally I came to Mr. Burnley and the Muni-

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 23

cipal Square Buildings in Birmingham.

I had his full interest now. He repeated the name.

"Burnley," he said. "So Burnley's in this?"

"You know him?"

"Oh, yes, we know all about Mr. Burnley. He's given us a lot of trouble. He's a smooth dealer, and adept at never doing anything that we can pin on him. He knows every trick and dodge of the legal game. He's always just on the right side of the line. He's the kind of man who could write a book like those old cookery books 'A hundred ways of evading the law.' But murder, such a thing as organised murder—I should have said that that was right off his beat. Yes—right off his beat."

"Now that I've told you about our conversation, could one act upon it?"

Lejeune slowly shook his head.

"No, we couldn't act on it. To begin with, there were no witnesses to your conversation. It was just between the two of you and he could deny the whole thing if he wanted to. Apart from that, he was quite right when he told you that a man can bet on anything. He bets somebody won't die—and he loses. What is there criminal about that? Unless we can connect Burnley in some way with the actual crime in question—and that, I imagine, will not be easy."

He left it with a shrug of his shoulders. He paused a minute and then said, "Did you, by any chance, come across a man called Venables when you were down in Much Deeping?"

"Yes," I said. "I did. I was taken over to lunch with him one day."

"Ah! What impression, if I may ask, did he make upon you?"

"A very powerful impression. He's a man of great personality. An invalid."

"Yes. Crippled by polio?"

"He can only move about in a wheeled chair. But his disability seems to have heightened his determination to live and enjoy living."

"Tell me all you can about him."

I described Venables' house, his art treasures, the range and sweep of his interests.

Lejeune said: "It's a pity."

"What's a pity?"

He said dryly: "That Venables is a cripple."

"Excuse me, but you are quite certain he really is a cripple? He couldn't be—well—faking the whole thing?"

"We're as sure of his being a cripple as one can be sure of anything. His doctor is Sir William Dugdale of Harley Street, a man absolutely above suspicion. We have Sir William's assurance that the limbs are atrophied. Our little Mr. Osborne may be certain that Venables was the man he saw walking along Barton Street that night. But he's wrong."

"I see."

"As I say, it's a pity, because if there is such a thing as an organisation for private murder, Venables is the kind of man who would be capable of planning it."

"Yes; that's what I thought."

With his forefinger Lejeune traced interlacing circles on the table in front of him. Then he looked up sharply.

"Let's assemble what we've got; adding to our own knowledge the knowledge you've brought us. It seems reasonably certain that there is some agency or organisation that specialises in what one might call the removal of unwanted persons. There's nothing crude about the organisation. It doesn't employ ordinary things or sunmen. . . . There's nothing to show that the victims haven't died a perfectly natural death, spread the whole thing may be. And we've only got the few names we have got by the accident of a woman knowing herself to be dying, and wanting to make her peace with Heaven."

He shook his head angrily, and then went on: "This woman, Thyra Grey: you say she boasted to you about her powers! Well, she can do so with impunity. Charge her with murder, put her in the dock, let her trumpet to Heaven and a jury that she has released people from the toils of this world by willpower or weaving spells—or what have you. She wouldn't be guilty according to the law."

"She's never been near the people who died, we've checked on that, she hasn't sent them poisoned chocolates through the

"I may say that in addition to the three deaths you've mentioned, we've got a certain amount of rather indefinite information about some of the others—deaths were from natural causes in each instance, but there were those who profited by these deaths. No evidence, mind you."

"It's clever, damnably clever, Mr. Easterbrook. Whoever thought it out—and it's been thought out in great detail—has brains. We've only got hold of a few scattered names. Heaven knows how many more of them there are—how wide-

post or anything of that kind. According to her own account, she just sits in a room and employs telepathy! Why, the whole thing would be laughed out of Court! But all the same it's an evil business, Mr. Easterbrook."

"Yes," I said. "It's a word that we don't use very much nowadays. But it's the only word applicable here. That's why—"

"Yes?"

Lejeune looked at me inquiringly. I spoke in a rush. "I think there's a chance—a possible chance—of getting to know a bit more about all this. I and a friend of mine have

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting January 8

ARIES
Mar. 21-Apr. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

TAURUS
Apr. 21-May 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

GEMINI
May 21-June 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, navy, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

CANCER
June 22-July 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, rose.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

LEO
July 23-Aug. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

VIRGO
Aug. 23-Sept. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

LIBRA
Sept. 24-Oct. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thurs.

SCORPIO
Oct. 24-Nov. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS
Nov. 23-Dec. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

CAPRICORN
Dec. 21-Jan. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thurs.

AQUARIUS
Jan. 20-Feb. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

PISCES
Feb. 20-Mar. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

worked out a plan. You may think it very silly—"

"I'll be the judge of that."

"First of all, I take it from what you've said, that you are sure in your mind that there is such an organisation as the one we've been discussing, and that it works?"

"It certainly works."

"But you don't know how it works? The first steps are already formulated. The individual I call the client hears vaguely about this organisation, gets to know more about it, is sent to Mr. Burnley in Birmingham, and decides that he will go ahead. He enters into some agreement with Burnley, and then is, or so I presume, sent to The Pale Horse. But what happens after that, we don't know! What, exactly, happens

at The Pale Horse? Somebody's got to go and find out."

"Go on."

"Because until we do know, exactly, what Thyra Grey actually does, we can't get any further—Your police doctor, Jim Corrigan, says the whole idea is poppycock—but is it? Inspector Lejeune, is it?"

Lejeune sighed.

"You know what I'd answer—what any sane person would answer—the answer would be 'Yes, of course it is!'—but I'm speaking now unofficially. Very odd things have happened during the past hundred years. Would anyone have believed seventy years ago that a person could hear Big Ben strike twelve on a little box and after it had finished striking hear it again with his own ears through the window, from the actual clock itself—and no jiggery pokery. But Big Ben struck once—not twice—the sound was brought to the ears of the person by two different kinds of waves!"

"Would you believe you could hear a man speaking in New York in your own drawing-room, without so much as a connecting wire? Would you have believed—Oh! a dozen other things—things that are now everyday knowledge that a child gabbles off!"

"In other words, anything's possible?"

"That's what I mean. If you ask me if Thyra Grey can kill someone by rolling her eyes or going into a trance, or projecting her will, I still say 'No.' But—I'm not sure—How can I be? If she's stumbled on to something—"

"Yes," I said. "The supernatural seems supernatural. But the science of tomorrow is the supernatural of today."

"I'm not talking officially, mind," Lejeune warned me.

"Man, you're talking sense. And the answer is, someone has to go and see what actually happens. That's what I propose to do—go and see."

Lejeune stared at me.

"The way's already paved," I said.

I settled down then, and told him about it. I told him exactly what I and a friend of mine planned to do.

He listened frowning and pulling at his lower lip.

"Mr. Easterbrook, I see your point. Circumstances have, so to speak, given you the entree. But I don't know whether you fully realise that what you are proposing to do may be dangerous—these are dangerous people. It may be dangerous for you—but it will certainly be dangerous for your friend."

"I know," I said. "I know . . . We've been over it a hundred times. I don't like her playing the part she's going to play. But she's determined—absolutely determined. Damn it all, she wants to!"

Lejeune said unexpectedly, "She's a redhead, didn't you say?"

"Yes," I said, startled.

"You can never argue with a redhead," said Lejeune.

"Don't I know it!"

I wondered if his wife was one.

I felt absolutely no nervousness on my second visit to Burnley. In fact, I enjoyed it.

"Think yourself into the part," Ginger urged me, before I set off, and that was exactly what I tried to do.

Mr. Burnley greeted me with a welcoming smile.

"Very pleased to see you," he said, advancing a podgy hand. "So you've been thinking your little problem over, have you? Well, as I said, no hurry. Take your time."

I said, "That's just what I can't do. It's—well—it's rather urgent . . ."

Burnley looked me over. He noted my nervous manner, the way I avoided his eyes, the clumsiness of my hands as I dooped my hat.

"Well, well," he said. "Let's see what we can do about things. You want to have a little bet on something, is that it?"

Nothing like a sporting bet to take one's mind, off one's troubles."

"It's like this—I said, came to a dead stop."

I left it to Burnley to do stuff. He did it.

"I see you're a bit nervous," he said. "Cautious. I advise of caution. Never say anything your mother shouldn't about! Now, perhaps you some idea that this office mine might have a bug in it?"

I didn't understand and face showed it.

"Slang term for microphone," he explained. "Tape recorder. All that sort of thing."

"No, I give you my personal word of honor that nothing of that sort has been conversed in any way. And don't believe me," his was quite engaging—why should you?—you perfect right to name a of your own, a restaurant waiting-room in one of our English railway stations, we'll discuss the matter instead."

I said that I was sure quite all right here.

"Sensible! That sort of wouldn't pay us, I assure. Neither you nor I is going say a word that, in legal lance, could be 'used' as us." Now let's start this. There's something wrong you. You find me sympathetic and you feel you'd like to me about it. I'm a man experience, and I'm able to advise you. A shared is a trouble child as they say. Suppose we it like that?"

WE put it that, and I stumbled into story.

Mr. Burnley was adroit. He prompted: over difficult words phrases. So good was he I felt no difficulty at all telling him about my stateful infatuation for Doreen, our secretive marriage.

"Happens so often," he shaking his head. "So Understandable! Young with ideals. Genuinely girl. And there you are and wife before you can Jack Robinson. And comes of it?"

I went on to tell him came of it.

Here I was purporting vague over details. The I was trying to present not have gone into sort tails. I presented only ture of disillusionment young fool realising she had been a young fool.

I let it be assumed there had been a final If Burnley took it that young wife had gone of another man, or that there been another man in the all along—that man was enough.

"But you know," he anxiously, "although wasn't—well, wasn't what I thought of her was really a very sweet I'd never have thought she'd be like this—that behave like this, I mean."

"What exactly has she doing to you?"

What my "wife" had to me, I explained, was come back.

"What did you think happened to her?"

"I suppose it seems ordinary—but I really think. Actually, I supposed the must be devoted."

Burnley shook his head.

"Wishful thinking. V thinking. Why should dead?"

"She never wrote or thing. I never heard her."

"The truth is you to forget all about her."

He was a psychologist his way, this beady-eyed lawyer.

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 46

I gave him the address and assured him I remembered Miss Grey.

"An amazing woman. Really an amazing woman. Most gifted. She'll want something your wife has worn—a glove—handkerchief—anything like that—"

"But why? In the name of—"

"I know, I know. Don't ask me why. I've not the least idea. Miss Grey keeps her secrets to herself."

"But what happens? What does she do?"

"You really must believe me, Mr. Easterbrook, when I tell you that honestly I haven't the least idea! I don't know—and what is more, I don't want to know—let's leave it at that."

He paused, and then went on in an almost fatherly tone.

"My advice is as follows, Mr. Easterbrook. Pay a visit to your wife. Soothe her down, let her think that you're coming round to the idea of a reconciliation. I should suggest saying that you have to go abroad for a few weeks, but that on your return, et cetera et cetera . . ."

"And then?"

"Having purloined a trifle of daily wear in an unobtrusive manner, you will go down to Much Deeping." He paused thoughtfully. "Let me see, I think you mentioned on your pre-

vious visit that you had friends—relations—in the neighborhood?"

"A cousin."

"That makes it very simple. This cousin will doubtless put you up for a day or so."

"What do most people do? Stay at the local inn?"

"Sometimes, I believe—or they motor over from Bournemouth. Something of that kind—but I know very little about the matter."

"What—er—is my cousin likely to think?"

"You express yourself as intrigued by the inhabitants of The Pale Horse. You want to participate in a seance there. Nothing can sound simpler. Miss Grey and her medium friend often indulge in seances. You know

what spiritualists are. You go protesting that, of course, it's nonsense, but that it will interest you. That is all, Mr. Easterbrook. As you see, nothing can be simpler—"

"And—and, after that?"

He shook his head smiling.

"That's all I can tell you. All, in fact, that I know. Miss Thyrza Grey will then be in charge. Don't forget to take the glove, or handkerchief, or whatever it is with you. Afterwards, I would suggest that you take a little trip abroad. The Italian Riviera is very pleasant at this time of year. Just for a week or two, say."

I said that I didn't want to go abroad. I said I wanted to stay in England.

"Very well, then, but definitely not London. No, I must strongly advise, not London."

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"Yes," I said gratefully. "You see, it wasn't as though I wanted to marry someone else."

"But you do now, eh? Is that it?"

"Well—" I showed reluctance.

"Come now, tell Pa," said the odious Burnley.

I admitted, shamefacedly, that, yes, I had considered marrying . . .

But I stuck my toes in and refused firmly to give him any details about the girl in question. I wasn't going to have her brought into this. I wasn't going to tell him a thing about her.

Again, I think my reaction here was the correct one. He did not insist. Instead he said: "Quite natural, my dear. You've got over your nasty experience in the past. You've found someone, no doubt, thoroughly suited to you. I am able to share your literary tastes and your way of life. A true companion."

I saw then that he knew about Hermia. It would have been easy. Any inquiries made about me would have revealed the fact that I had only one close woman friend. Burnley, since receiving my letter making the appointment, must have found out all about Hermia, all about Hermia. He was fully informed.

"What about divorce?" he asked. "Isn't that the natural solution?"

I SAID: "There's no question of divorce. She—my wife—won't hear of it!"

"Dear, dear. What is her attitude toward you, if I may ask?"

"She—er—she wants to come back to me. She's utterly unreasonable. She knows there's someone, and—and—"

"Acting nasty . . . I see . . . Doesn't look as though there's any way out, unless, of course . . . But she's quite young."

"She'll live for years," I said bitterly.

"Oh, but you never know, Mr. Easterbrook. She's been living abroad, you know."

"So she tells me. I don't know where she's been."

"May have been out East. Sometimes, you know, you pick up a germ out in those parts—dormant for years! And when you come back home and suddenly it blows up. I've known two or three cases like that. Might happen in this house. If it will cheer you up," he paused, "I'd bet a small amount on it."

I shook my head.

"She'll live for years."

"Well, the odds are on your side, I admit . . . But let's have a wager on it. Fifteen hundred to one the lady dies between now and Easter; how's that?"

"Sooner! It will have to be sooner. I can't wait. There are things—"

I was purposely incoherent. I don't know whether he thought that matters between Hermia and myself had gone so far that I couldn't stall for time—or that my "wife" threatened to go to Hermia and make trouble. He may have thought that there was another man making a play for Hermia. I didn't mind what he thought. I wanted to stress urgency.

"Alters the odds a bit," he said. "We'll say eighteen hundred to one your wife's gone in under a month. I've got a lot of feeling about it."

I thought it was time to bargain—and bargained. Protested that I hadn't got that amount of money. Burnley was awful. He knew, by some means or other, just what sum I could raise in an emergency. He knew that Hermia had money. His delicate hint that later, when I was married, I wouldn't feel the loss of my bet was proof of that. Moreover, my urgency put him in a fine position. He wouldn't come down.

When I left him, the fantastic wager was laid and accepted.

I signed some form of I.O.U. The caseology was too full of legal phrases for me to understand. Actually I very much doubted that it had any legal significance whatever.

"Is this legally binding?" I asked him.

"I don't think," said Mr. Burnley, showing his excellent dentures, "that it will ever be put to the test." His smile was not a very nice one. "A bet's a bet. If a man doesn't pay up—"

I looked at him.

"I shouldn't advise it," he said softly. "No, I shouldn't advise it. We don't see welsers."

"I shan't wels," I said.

"I'm sure you won't, Mr. Easterbrook. Now for the—er—arrangements. Mrs. Easterbrook, you say, is in London. Where, exactly?"

"Do you have to know?"

"I have to have full details—the next thing to do is to arrange an appointment for you with Miss Grey—you remember Miss Grey?"

"Why not?" I asked him. Mr. Burnley looked at me reprovingly.

"Clients are guaranteed complete—er—safety," he said, "if they obey orders."

"What about Bournemouth? Would Bournemouth do?"

"Yes, Bournemouth would be adequate. Stay at a hotel, make a few acquaintances, be seen in their company. The blameless life—that is what we aim at. You can always go on to Torquay if you get tired of Bournemouth."

He spoke with the affability of a travel agent.

Once again I had to shake his podgy hand.

"Are you really going to a seance at Thyra's?" Rhoda demanded.

"Why not?"

"I never knew you were interested in that sort of thing, Mark."

"I'm not really," I said truthfully. "But it's such a queer set-up, those three. I'm curious to see what sort of a show they put on."

I did not find it really easy to put on a light manner. Out of the tail of my eye, I saw Hugh Despard looking at me thoughtfully. He was a shrewd man, with an adventurous life behind him. One of those men who have a kind of sixth sense where danger is concerned. I think he sensed its presence now—realised that something more important than idle curiosity was at stake.

"Then I shall come with you," said Rhoda gleefully. "I've always wanted to."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Rhoda," growled Despard. "But I don't really believe in spirits and all that, Hugh. You know I don't. I just want to go for the fun of it!"

"That sort of business isn't fun," said Despard. "There may be something genuine to it, there probably is. But it doesn't have a good effect on people who go out of 'idle curiosity'."

"Then you ought to dissuade Mark, too."

"Mark's not my responsibility," said Despard.

But again he gave me that quick sidelong look. He knew, I was quite sure, that I had a purpose.

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NEW VEET

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 47

Rhoda was annoyed, but she got over it, and when we chanced to meet Thyra Grey in the village a little later that morning, "Thyra herself was blunt upon the matter."

"Hallo, Mr. Easterbrook, we're expecting you this evening. Hope we can put on a good show for you. Sybil's a wonderful medium, but one never knows beforehand what results one will get. So you mustn't be disappointed. One thing I do ask. Keep an open mind. An honest inquirer is always welcome—but a frivolous, scoffing approach is bad."

"I wanted to come, too," said Rhoda. "But Hugh is so frightfully prejudiced. You know what he's like."

"I wouldn't have had you, anyway," said Thyra. "One outsider is quite enough."

She turned to me.

"Suppose you come and have a light meal with us first," she said. "We never eat much before a seance. About seven o'clock? Good, we'll be expecting you."

THYRA nodded, smiled, and strode briskly away. I stared after her, so engrossed in my surmises that I entirely missed what Rhoda was saying to me.

"What did you say? I'm sorry."

"You've been very odd lately, Mark. Ever since you arrived. Is anything the matter?"

"No, of course not. What should be the matter?"

"Have you got stuck with the book? Something like that?"

"The book?" Just for a moment I couldn't remember anything about the book. Then I said hastily, "Oh yes, the book. It's getting on more or less all right."

"I believe you're in love," said Rhoda accusingly. "Yes, that's it. Being in love has a very bad effect on men—it seems to addle their wits. Now women are just the opposite—on top of the world, looking radiant and twice as good looking as usual. Funny, isn't it, that it should suit women, and only make a man look like a sick sheep?"

"Thank you!" I said.

"Oh, don't be cross with me, Mark. I think it's a very good thing, really—and I'm delighted. She's really very nice."

"Who's nice?"

"Hermia Redcliffe, of course. You seem to think I know nothing about anything. I've seen it coming on for ages. And she really is just the person for you—good looking and clever: absolutely suitable."

"That," I said, "is one of the cattiest things you could say about anyone."

Rhoda looked at me.

"It is, rather," she said.

She turned away and said she had to go and give a pep talk to the butcher. I said that I would go and pay a call at the vicarage.

"But not"—I forestalled any comment—"in order to ask the vicar to put the ban on!"

Coming to the vicarage was like coming home.

The front door was hospitably open, and as I stepped inside I was conscious of a burden slipping from my shoulders.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop came through a door at the back of the hall, carrying for some reason unfathomable to me an enormous plastic pail of bright green.

"Hallo, it's you," she said. "I thought it would be."

She handed me the pail. I had no idea what to do with it and stood looking awkward.

"Outside the door, on the step," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop impatiently as though I ought to have known.

I obeyed. Then I followed her into the same dark shabby room we had sat in before.

There was a rather moribund fire there, but Mrs. Dane Calthrop poked it into flame and dumped a log on it. Then she motioned me to sit down, plumped down herself, and fixed me with a bright, impatient eye.

"Well?" she demanded.

"What have you done?"

From the vicar of her manner we might have had a train to catch.

"You told me to do something. I am doing something."

"Good. What?"

I told her. I told her everything. In some unspoken way I told her things I did not quite know myself.

"Tonight?" said Mrs. Dane Calthrop thoughtfully.

"Yes."

She was silent for a minute, obviously thinking. Unable to help myself I blurted out, "I don't like it."

"Why should you?"

That, of course, was unanswerable.

"I'm so horribly afraid for her."

She looked at me kindly.

"You don't know," I said, "how—how brave she is. If, in some way, they manage to harm her."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said

I explained what I wanted to do.

"After this—this business tonight is over, I may want to keep in close touch with Ginger. Ring her up every day. If I could telephone from here?"

"Of course. Too much coming and going at Rhoda's. You want to be sure of not being overheard."

"I shall stay on at Rhoda's for a while. Then perhaps go to Bournemouth. I'm not supposed to—go back to London."

"No use looking ahead," Mrs. Dane Calthrop said. "Not beyond tonight."

"Tonight . . . I got up. I said a thing that was out of character. 'Pray for me—for us,' I said."

"Naturally," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, surprised that I should need to ask.

As I went out of the front door a sudden curiosity made me say:

"Why the pail? What is it for?"

"The pail? Oh it's for the schoolchildren, to pick berries and leaves from the hedges—for the church. Hideous, isn't it, but so handy."

I looked out over the richness of the autumn world. Such soft still beauty . . .

RIVETS



slowly: "I don't see—I really don't see—how they can harm her in the way you mean."

"But they have harmed—other people."

"It would seem so, yes . . ."

She sounded dissatisfied.

"In any other way, she will be all right. We've taken every imaginable precaution. No material harm can happen to her."

"But it's material harm that these people claim to be able to produce," Mrs. Dane Calthrop pointed out. "They claim to be able to work through the mind on the body. Illness—disease. Very interesting if they can. But quite horrible! And it's got to be stopped, as we've already agreed."

"But she's the one who's taking the risk," I muttered.

"Someone has to," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop calmly. "It upsets your pride, that it shouldn't be you. You've got to swallow that. Ginger's ideally suited for the part she's playing. She can control her nerves and she's intelligent. She won't let you down."

"I'm not worrying about that!"

"Well, stop worrying at all. It won't do her any good. Don't let's shirk the issue. If she dies as a result of this experiment, then she dies in a good cause."

"But that's so brutal!"

"Somebody has to be," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "Always envisage the worst. You've no idea how that steadies the nerves. You begin at once to be sure it can't be as bad as you imagine."

She nodded at me reassuringly.

"You may be right," I said doubtfully.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said with complete certainty that of course she was right.

I proceeded to details.

"You're on the telephone here?"

"Naturally."

"Angels and Ministers of grace defend us," I said.

"Amen," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

My reception at The Pale Horse was conventional in the extreme. I don't know what particular atmospheric effect I had expected—but it was not this.

Thyra Grey, wearing a plain dark wool dress, opened the door, said in a businesslike tone: "Ah, here you are. Good. We'll have supper straight away."

Nothing could have been more matter-of-fact, more completely ordinary . . .

The table was laid for a simple meal at the end of the panelled hall. We had soup, an omelet, and cheese. . . . waited on us. She wore a black dress and looked more than ever like one of the crowd in an Italian primitive. Sybil struck a more exotic note. She had on a long dress of some woven peacock-colored fabric, shot with gold. Her beads were absent on this occasion, but she had two heavy gold bracelets clasping her wrists.

SYBIL ate a minute portion of omelet but nothing else. She spoke little, treating us to a far-away wrapped-up-in-higher-things mood. It ought to have been impressive. Actually it was not. The effect was theatrical and unreal.

Thyra Grey provided what conversation there was—a brisk chatty commentary on local happenings. She was this evening the British country spinster to the life, pleasant, efficient, uninterested in anything beyond her immediate surroundings.

I thought to myself, "I'm mad, completely mad. What is there to fear here?" Even Bella seemed tonight only a half-witted old peasant woman—like hundreds of other women of her kind—inbred, untouched by education or a broader outlook.

My conversation with Mrs. Dane Calthrop seemed fantastic in retrospect. We had worked ourselves up to imagine goodness knows what. The idea of Ginger—Ginger with her dyed hair and assumed name—being in danger from anything these three very ordinary women could do, was positively ludicrous!

The meal came to an end.

"No coffee," said Thyra apologetically. "One doesn't want to be overstimulated." She rose. "Sybil?"

"Yes," said Sybil, her face taking on what she clearly thought was an ecstatic and other-world expression. "I must go and prepare . . ."

Bella began to clear the table. I wandered over to where the old inn sign hung. Thyra followed me.

"You can't really see it at all by this light," she said.

That was quite true. The faint pale image against the dark encrusted grime of the panel could hardly be distinguished as that of a horse. The hall was lit by feeble electric bulbs shielded by thick vellum shades.

"That red-haired girl—what's her name—Ginger something—who was staying down here—said she'd do a spot of cleaning and restoring on it," said Thyra. "Don't suppose she'll ever remember about it, though." She added casually,

"That red-haired girl—what's her name—Ginger something—who was staying down here—said she'd do a spot of cleaning and restoring on it," said Thyra. "Don't suppose she'll ever remember about it, though." She added casually,

"She works for some gallery or other in London."

It gave me a strange feeling to hear Ginger referred to lightly and casually.

I said, staring at the picture: "It might be interesting."

"It's not a good painting, of course," said Thyra. "Just a daub. But it goes with the place—and it's certainly well over three hundred years old."

"Ready."

We wheeled abruptly.

Bella, emerging out of the gloom, was beckoning.

"Time to get on with things," said Thyra, still brisk and matter-of-fact.

I followed her as she led the way out to the converted barn.

As I have said, there was no entrance to it from the house. It was a dark overcast night, no stars. We came out of the dense outer blackness into the long lighted room.

The barn, by night, was transformed. By day it had seemed a pleasant library. Now it had become something more. There were lamps, but these were not turned on. The lighting was indirect and flooded the room with a soft but cold light. In the centre of the floor was a kind of raised bed or divan. It was spread with a purple cloth, embroidered with various cabalistic signs.

On the far side of the room was what appeared to be a small brazier, and next to it a big copper basin—an old one by the look of it.

On the other side, set back almost touching the wall, was a heavy oak-backed chair. Thyra motioned me towards it.

"Sit there," she said.

I sat obediently. Thyra's manner had changed. The odd thing was that I could not define exactly in what the change consisted. There was none of Sybil's spurious occultism about it. It was more as though an everyday curtain of normal trivial life had been lifted. Behind it was the real woman, displaying something of the

manner of a surgeon approaching the operating table for difficult and dangerous operation.

This impression was heightened when she went to a board in the wall and took down what appeared to be a kind of long overall. It seemed to be made, when the light came on, of some metallic woven tissue. She drew on long gauntlets of what looked like a fine mesh rather resembling a "bullet-proof vest" I had been shown.

"One has to take care," she said.

The phrase struck me slightly sinister.

Then she addressed me in emphatic deep voice.

"I must impress upon you, Mr. Easterbrook, the necessity of remaining absolutely where you are. On no account must you move from that chair. It might not be safe to do so. This is no child's game. I am dealing with forces that are dangerous to those who do not know how to handle them!"

She paused and then said: "You have brought what were instructed to bring?"

WITHOUT a word I drew from my pocket a suede glove and handed it to her.

She took it and moved to a metal lamp. She switched on the lamp and held the glove near its rays, which were peculiar sickly color, turning the glove from its rich hue to a characterless grey.

She switched off the lamp, nodding in approval.

"Most suitable," she said.

"The physical emanations from its wearer are quite strong," she said.

She put it down on the radio cabinet at the end of the room. Then she raised her voice a little. "Bella, Sybil, are ready?"

Sybil came in first. She wore a long black cloak over a peacock dress. This she slipped aside with a dramatic gesture. It slid down, looking like an inky pool on the floor.

"I do hope it will be right," she said. "One never knows. Please don't admit a sceptical frame of mind, Mr. Easterbrook. It does so hinder things."

"Mr. Easterbrook has come here to mock," said Thyra.

There was a certain nervousness in her tone.

Sybil lay down on the divan. Thyra bent over arranging her draperies.

"Quite comfortable?" asked solicitously.

"Yes, thank you, dear."

Thyra switched off the lights. Then she wheeled a canopy on wheels. This she placed so that it overshadowed the divan and left Sybil in deep shadow in the middle of the room.

"Too much light is bad to a complete trance," she said.

"Now, I think, we are ready."

Bella came out of shadows. The two women approached me. With her hand Thyra took my left hand. Thyra's left hand took Bella's. Thyra's hand was and hard, Bella's was colorless—it felt like a slimy mine and I shivered in reaction.

Thyra must have touched somewhere, for I sounded faintly from the ceiling. I recognised it as Mendelssohn's "Funeral March."

"Meretricious trapping!" said to myself rather scornfully. I was cool and, critical nevertheless aware of an current of some unwelcome apophorension.

The music stopped. It was quite a long wait.

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from page 48

only the sound of breathing, the slightly wheezy, Sybil's ep and regular.

And then, suddenly, Sybil spoke. Not, however, in her own voice. It was a man's deep voice, unlike her own mincing accents as could be. It had a guttural foreign accent.

"I am here," the voice said. My hands were released. The light faded away into the darkness. Thyrza said: "Good night. Is that Macandal?" "I am Macandal."

Thyrza went to the divan and drew away the protecting copy. The soft light flowed on to Sybil's face. She seemed to be deeply asleep. In this repose her face looked quite different.

Her lines were smoothed away. She looked years younger. I could almost say that she looked beautiful.

Thyrza said: "Are you prepared, Macandal, to submit to my desire and my will?" The new deep voice said: "I

Will you undertake to protect the body of the Dossu that here and which you now inhabit, from all physical injury and harm? Will you dedicate your vital force to my purpose, that that purpose may be accomplished through it?"

"Will you so dedicate this body that death may pass through it, obeying such natural laws as may be available in the body of the recipient?"

The deed must be sent to the death. It shall be so." Thyrza drew back a step, came up and held out to me a small crucifix.

Thyrza placed it on Sybil's breast in a reversed position. Then Bella brought a small phial. From this Thyrza drew out a drop or two on Sybil's forehead, and traced something with her finger. In a flash it was the face of the cross upside down. She said to me, briefly, "Holy spirit from a church at Garçon."

Her voice was quite ordinary and this, which ought to have broken the spell, did not. It made the whole business somehow, more alarming. Finally she brought that horrible rattle we had heard before. She shook it three times and then clasped Sybil's hand.

"I stepped back and said: 'I am ready.'"

Thyrza repeated the words: 'I am ready.' Thyrza addressed me in a low tone: "I don't suppose you are much impressed, are you, by all the ritual? Some of the visitors are. To you, I dare say it's all so much mumbo jumbo. . . . But don't be too sure."

Ritual — a pattern of words and phrases sanctified by usage, has an effect on the human spirit. What is the mass hysteria of the 19th century? We don't know. But it's a phenomenon that exists. These old-time rituals, they have their part — necessary part, I think."

Thyrza had left the room. She came back now, carrying a small cock. It was alive and glowing to be free.

Now she knelt down and with white chalk began to draw signs on the floor round the brazier and the copper. She set down the cock on its beak on the white line round the bowl and eyed these motionless.

She drew more signs, chanting as she did so, in a low, almost inaudible voice. The words were incomprehensible to me, as she knelt and swayed, was clearly working herself up to some pitch of frenzied ecstasy.

"Watching me, Thyrza said, 'You don't like it much? It's very old, very old. The spell, according to old recipes handed down from mother to daughter.'"

I couldn't fathom Thyrza. She did nothing to further the effect on my senses which Bella's rather horrible performances might well have had. She seemed deliberately to take the part of a commentator.

Bella stretched out her hands to the brazier and a flickering flame sprang up. She sprinkled something on the flames and a thick cloying perfume filled the air.

"We are ready," said Thyrza. The surgeon, I thought, picks up his scalpel . . .

She went over to what I had taken to be a radio cabinet. It opened up and I saw that it was a large electrical contrivance of some complicated kind.

It moved like a trolley and she wheeled it slowly and carefully to a position near the divan.

Thyrza bent over it, adjusting the controls, murmuring to herself: "Compass, north-north-east . . . degrees . . . that's about right." She took the glove and adjusted it in a particular position, switching on a small violet light beside it.

Then she spoke to the inert figure on the divan.

"Sybil Diana Helen, you are set free from your mortal sheath which the spirit Macandal guards safely for you. You are free to be at one with the owner of this glove. Like all human beings, her goal in life is towards death. There is no final satisfaction but death. Only death solves all problems. Only death gives true peace. All great ones have known it. Remember Macbeth, 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.' Remember the ecstasy of Tristan and Isolde. Love and death. Love and death. But the greatest of these is death . . ."

The words rang out, echoing, repeating — the big box-like machine had started to emit a low hum, the bulbs in it glowed — I felt dazed, carried away. This, I felt, was no longer something at which I could mock.

Thyrza, her power unleashed, was holding that prone figure on the divan, completely enslaved. She was using her. Using her for a definite end. I realised vaguely why Mrs. Oliver had been frightened, not of Thyrza but of the seemingly silly Sybil.

Sybil had a power, a natural gift, nothing to do with mind or intellect; it was a physical power, the power to separate herself from her body. And, so separated, her mind was not hers, but Thyrza's. And Thyrza was using her temporary possession.

Yes, but the box? Where did the box come in?

And suddenly all my fear was transferred to the box! What devilish secret was being practised through its agency? Could there be physically-produced rays of some kind that acted on the cells of the mind? Of a particular mind?

Thyrza's voice went on: "The weak spot . . . there is always a weak spot . . . deep in the tissues of the flesh . . . Through weakness come strength — the strength and peace of death . . . Towards death — slowly, naturally, towards death — the true way, the natural way. The tissues of the body obey the mind . . . Command them — command them . . . Towards death . . . Death, the Conqueror . . . Death . . . soon . . . very soon . . . DEATH!"

Her voice rose in a great swelling cry . . . And another animal horrible cry came from Bella. She rose up, a knife flashed . . . there was a horrible strangled squawk from the cockerel . . . Blood dripped into the copper bowl. Bella came running, the bowl held out . . .

She screamed out: "Blood . . . the blood . . . BLOOD!"

Thyrza whipped out the glove from the machine. Bella took it, dipped it in the blood, returned it to Thyrza, who replaced it.

Bella's voice rose again in that high ecstatic call . . . "The blood . . . the blood . . . the blood . . ."

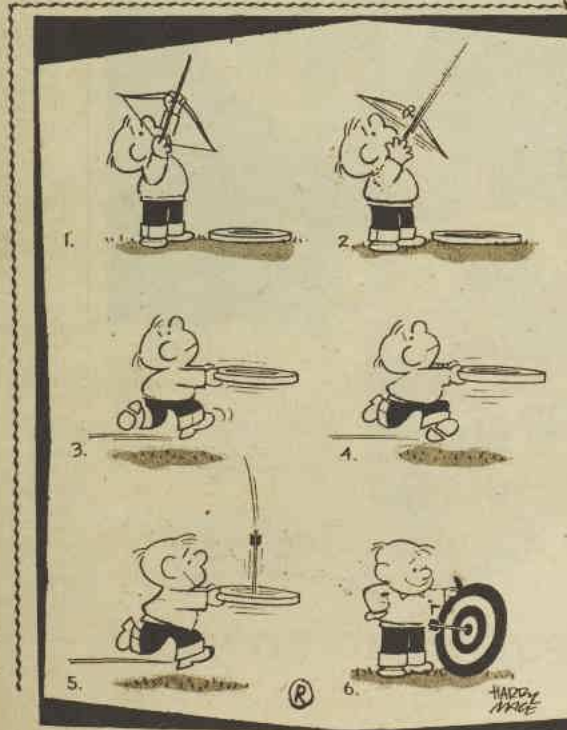
She ran round and round the brazier, then dropped twitching to the floor. The brazier flickered and went out.

I felt horribly sick. Unseeing, clutching the arms of my chair, my head seemed to be whirling in space . . .

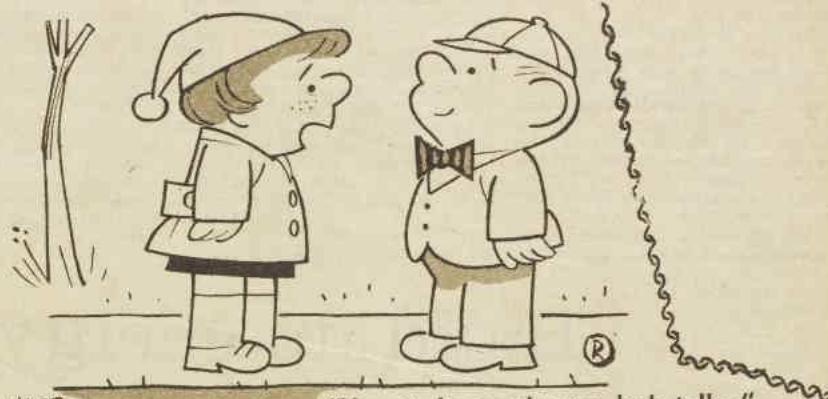
I heard a click, the hum of the machine ceased.

Then Thyrza's voice rose, clear and composed: "The old magic and the new. The old knowledge of belief, the new knowledge of science. Together, they will prevail . . ."

To be continued
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Little Angels



"In times like these, Dad and Mum appreciate every penny we save them!"

When his train rumbled in, Hugh took Lissa's hand. He said, "Bless you. Tomorrow, then?"

The warm clasp of his hand remained with Lissa as she drove home to the dark house and prepared for bed. She was tired but exhilarated. She'd had a wonderful time with a man who was nice, as Paul was nice, but totally different; tall and strikingly handsome so that women looked at Lissa in envy.

He was the sort of man, in every other way as well, that Lissa could remember dreaming of as an adolescent. The Prince Charming type. More than that, even. A man, happily married as Lissa was. Devoted to Mary, his wife, and his twin sons; as she was devoted to Paul and the boys. A man who, by his admiration and liking, made her forget those white hairs.

She was waiting for Hugh when the

Continuing . . . CROSSROADS

from page 24

train drew in the next day. She wore a black-and-white two-piece. He said, "You grow more beautiful every day."

They drove to the mouth of the Connecticut River, lunched off lobster, and then drove to the seaside, where the Sound glittered before them. They sat on a wall and Hugh smoked his cigarettes and Lissa listened as he talked and was happy.

The night they went to the theatre Hugh kissed Lissa. After they'd had a drink in a small, dim bar, hardly saying anything, he walked her to the station to catch the last train home. He said, as they stood waiting for the gates to open, "You'll be all right? It's so late."

Lissa smiled up at him. "I'll be fine. We're very well policed. Larchville isn't New York City."

The gates opened and the people began to stream through. Hugh said, "I'll be through with that stupid lunch by three at the latest. You'll meet me at Maru's?"

"Yes."

He bent to her and Lissa raised her face without thought. His lips were warm on hers. She felt the faint brush of his moustache. He said, almost harshly, "Tomorrow," and Lissa turned and went through the gates.

She did not go straight to sleep when she got into bed. She sat propped against the pillows. She thought, "I am in love with Hugh. In a way . . ."

Lissa could not define it to herself. She felt no disloyalty to Paul. This warmth, this happiness at being with Hugh, was something quite apart from her love for Paul and the children. Something that belonged to her alone that could not, would not, be permitted to hurt them.

She knew that Hugh felt the same way. That was why there had been no need to explain to him why she had not asked him home. Hugh would not have come without Paul here. It was a love for someone who was not a part of everyday life, but of dreamings that one knew were insubstantial and yet no less real for all that. A love to be remembered and cherished with gratitude.

Hugh was waiting when Lissa came into the semi-desertion of Maru's next afternoon. He said, when they were seated, "I came early. I wanted to watch you arrive. There's today and the two days of the weekend. Then he's gone."

Lissa did not speak. Hugh said, "a writer. I should have the words haven't. It isn't that I love you, Lissa. It's how I love you."

"I know."

"Yes, I think you do, but not entirely. You couldn't. You're too young," Hugh looked sombrely at his drink. "I said, 'Have a last fling,' and I laugh because that means only one thing. I couldn't imagine myself as the man. But every man, even the most happily married, has a secret someone. ideal woman perhaps; the very essence of beauty and romance that he always sought, often without knowing."

Hugh struck a match to light his cigarette. "Until," he said, "he doesn't realise he is middle-aged. There is rebellion. The time when men do silly things, that often only hurt them but those they love, rest just sigh and give up with regret and their greatest regret is to give that one woman they never really had to meet but never stopped looking for."

Hugh's hand touched Lissa's, fingers curled about his. Hugh said, "me, you are that woman. Young, beautiful. I bless my stars that I met you. We'll never meet again, no matter what, Lissa. Mary would know how I feel about you. So would your husband."

FROM THE BIBLE

● "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (Authorised Version)

● "I am the light of the world. No follower of mine shall wander in the dark; he shall have the light of life." (New English Bible) —John 8:12

I'm certain, if we ever all came together."

He said, "I'd never do anything to hurt Mary and the boys, nor hurt you and your sons. I know I can trust as you can trust me. I'll always be with you. But I'm a man, Lissa. A man wants the completeness of romance. There's the weekend. Be home. Fly home."

The season-ticket crowd was in the station when the taxi came. Hugh said, "I've got to meet my publisher. Another interview. Tonight, being honored with a last word from the publisher. I'll be at the hotel at eight. Ring me up. Let me know."

He held her hands. "You're so young, Lissa. You can't understand. Whatever happens, I'll always love you."

In the corner of the room the clock ticked in the silence. The said that the time was ten minutes past eight. Unconsciously Lissa's fingers to the spot on her temple where two strands of white hair stood so clearly. She did understand. The white hairs were not there to comfort her and remind her there would be a question. She would accept Hugh as something idyllic and sweet to remember.

But she saw, too, youth slipping from her. Soon she would past all chance of romance, and she might want it, but that she had it if she wanted. There never be anyone like Hugh again. She need not know any more than Warrenton. What she and Hugh have to cherish in remembrance, be theirs alone.

And yet, there was Paul and Mary.

Lissa took another cigarette. Her eyes went again to the mirror. She could not see the white hairs, but she knew they were there.

There were still nine minutes. Minutes to dream . . . before she had to say good-bye.

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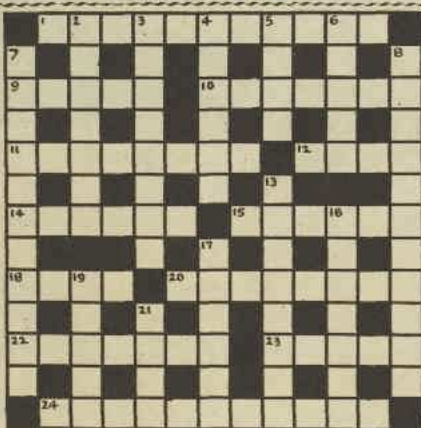
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HIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Maple rods in lines that read backwards the same as forwards (11).
 - So is a fertile spot in the desert (5).
 - He must have a vote (7).
 - Ornamental medallions, and the centre of them can be nude (8).
 - Beseech ending in a beam of light (4).
 - Cats or performers (6).
 - Eloquent speaker or a prominent hill (6).
 - Gaelic in lower Selkirk (4).
 - Statue of which only the head and extremities are of stone (8).
 - A hauler ending in one of 14 across (7).
 - Early (5).
 - They must be the chiefs of the engagement gangs (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Violent attack led by a donkey (7).
- Sin is red (Anagr., 8).
- Resides properly in the centre (6).
- Prognostic for no human beings (4).
- Come in (5).
- Contests of skill for our man in tents (11).
- Device which turns to devotion (6-5).
- Furnished with protective covering by our dream (8).
- Strew it (Anagr., 7).
- Not plentiful and, if you take away a hundred, it will frighten (6).
- I'm and was a Hindu religious teacher (5).
- Ladies are not permitted at such a party (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 10, 1962

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